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# BLUE BOLT

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**52** PAGES of  
EXCITING  
**ACTION**

DICK COLE • EDISON BEI  
BLUE BOLT • RICK RICH

VOL. 9 - NO. 4

10¢



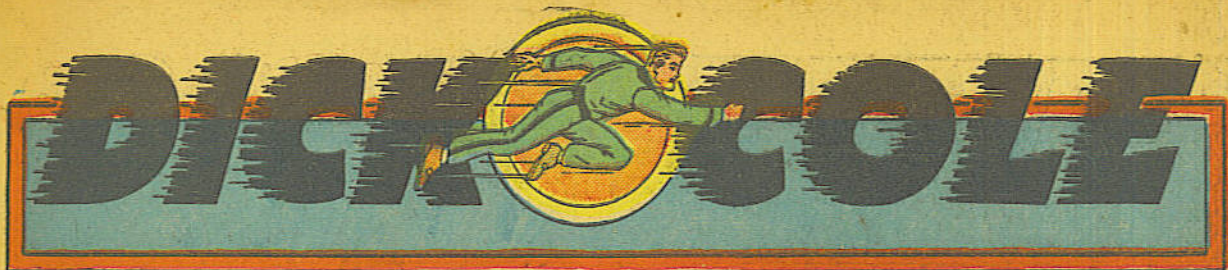




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# DICK COLE



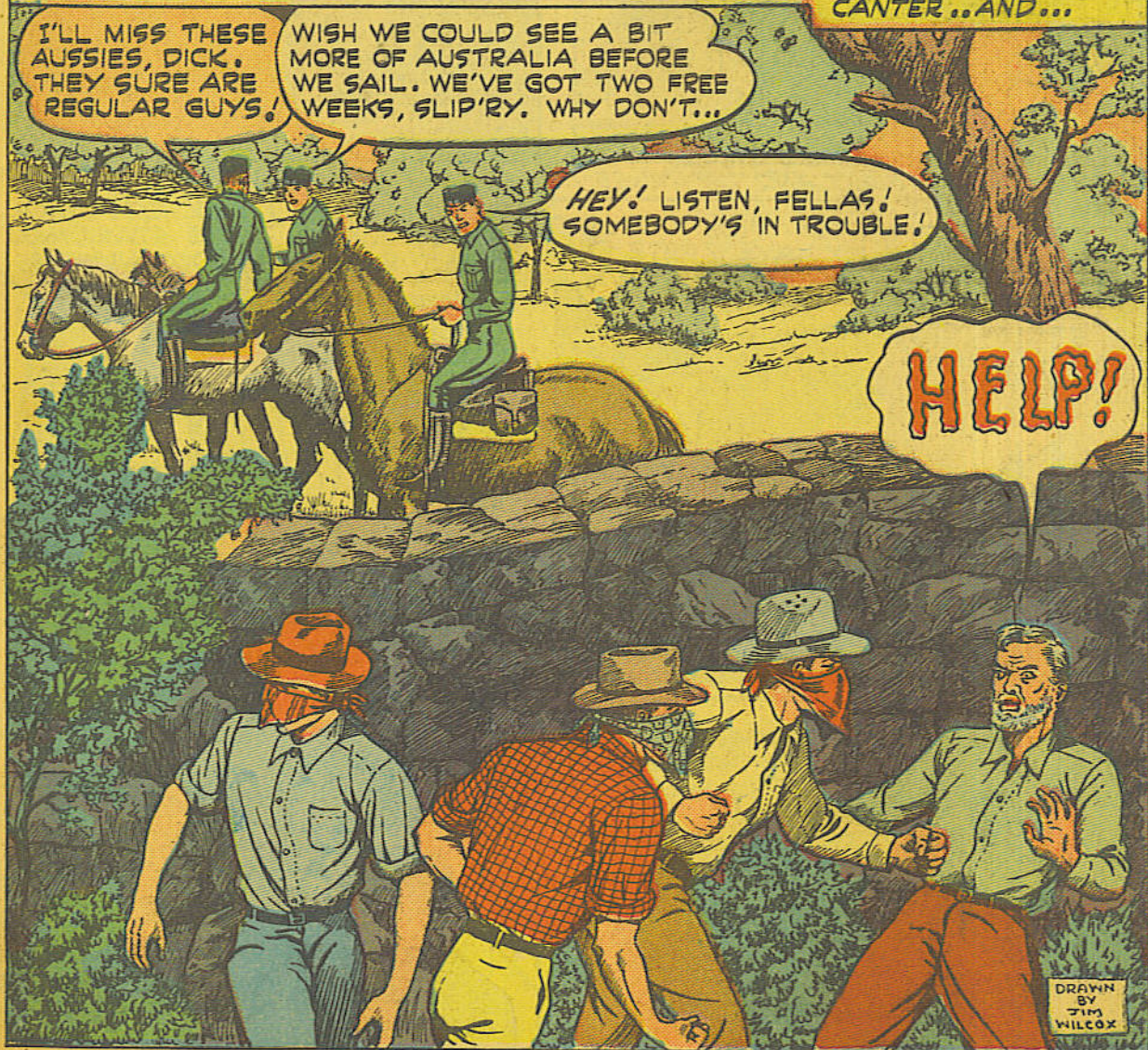
DICK COLE AND HIS PALS, BARK HALL AND SLIP'RY, ARE AT SIDNEY UNIVERSITY, AUSTRALIA, ON A ONE-TERM EXCHANGE SCHOLARSHIP WITH FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. IT IS A HOT CHRISTMAS (THE SEASONS ARE BACKWARDS "DOWN UNDER") TWO WEEKS BEFORE THEIR BOAT IS SCHEDULED TO SAIL FOR THE STATES.. AND HOME. THE BOYS ARE OUT FOR A MORNING CANTER..AND...

I'LL MISS THESE AUSSIES, DICK. THEY SURE ARE REGULAR GUYS!

WISH WE COULD SEE A BIT MORE OF AUSTRALIA BEFORE WE SAIL. WE'VE GOT TWO FREE WEEKS, SLIP'RY. WHY DON'T...

HEY! LISTEN, FELLAS! SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!

HELP!

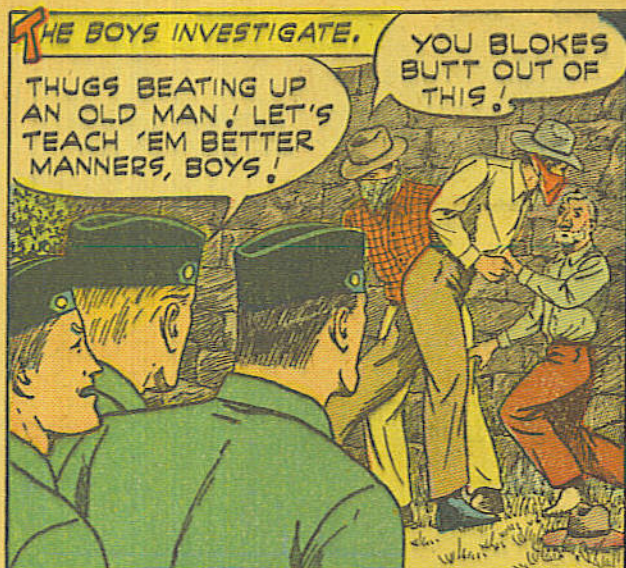


DRAWN BY  
TIM  
WILCOX

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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**THE BOYS INVESTIGATE.**

THUGS BEATING UP AN OLD MAN! LET'S TEACH 'EM BETTER MANNERS, BOYS!

YOU BLOKES BUTT OUT OF THIS!



**A SHORT, SHARP FIGHT AND THE THUGS FLEE THE SCENE.**

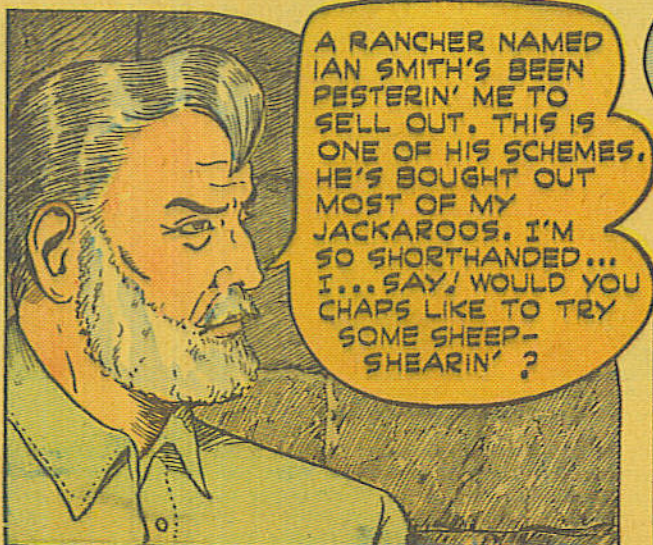
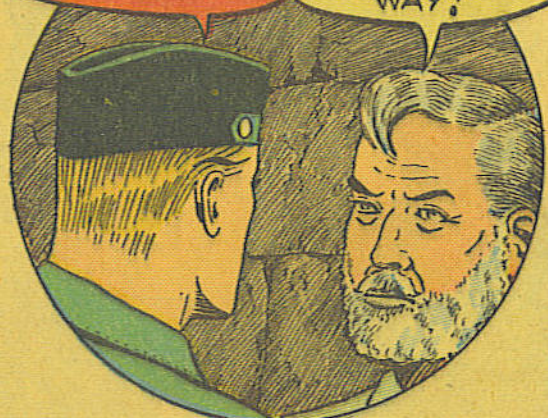


THEY'RE GONE. YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

YES, MIGHTY OBLIGED! MY NAME'S PETE HAYS. UH... YOU FELLAS YANKS?

RIGHT! SAY, WHY DID THOSE THUGS JUMP YOU? ROBBERY?

NO! I'M A SHEEP RANCHER. OWN A BIG STATION OUT COOTAMUNDRA WAY!



A RANCHER NAMED IAN SMITH'S BEEN PESTERIN' ME TO SELL OUT. THIS IS ONE OF HIS SCHEMES. HE'S BOUGHT OUT MOST OF MY JACKAROOS. I'M SO SHORTHANDED... I... SAY! WOULD YOU CHAPS LIKE TO TRY SOME SHEEP-SHEARIN'?

MR. HAYS, YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF THREE YANK COWBOYS... OR JACKAROOS, AS YOU CALL 'EM HERE IN AUSTRALIA!



YIP-PEEE!



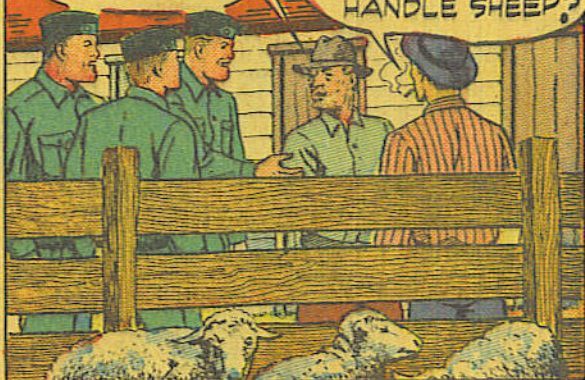
TWO DAYS LATER,  
ON THE BIG SHEEP  
STATION NEAR  
COOTAMUNDRA,  
THE FOREMAN  
WATCHES  
SOME NEW  
ARRIVALS.

HUH? OLD MAN HAYS  
HAS PICKED UP  
SOME NEW HANDS..  
LOOK LIKE  
YANKS! IAN  
SMITH WON'T  
LIKE THIS!



BOYS, MEET  
RUSS RUGGE, MY  
FOREMAN. HE'S  
STUCK BY ME  
IN SPIKE OF  
IAN SMITH!

THOUGHT YOU  
WERE GONNA BRING  
BACK REAL  
JACKAROOS!  
EXPECT THESE  
NEW CHUMS TO  
HANDLE SHEEP?



WHEN RUGGE IGNORES THE INTRODUCTION,  
DICK REACHES INTO THE SHEEP PEN,  
AND....

LATER THAT DAY, DICK TRIES OUT  
IN THE SHEARING SHED.

MAYBE WE DON'T  
HAVE SHEEP AS  
BIG AS THIS MERINO  
IN AMERICA, BUT  
WE'RE NOT  
TENDERFEET!

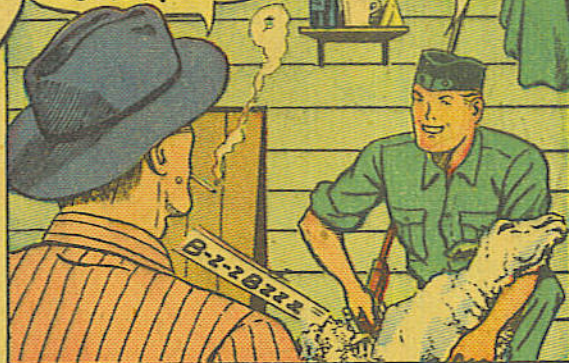
GIVE THE  
LADS A  
FAIR GO,  
RUGGE.

RIGHTO,  
BOSS, BUT  
I THINK IT'S  
A WASTE  
OF TIME.



CAREFUL, COLE!  
YOU'LL CUT THAT  
SHEEP'S BELLY  
OPEN!

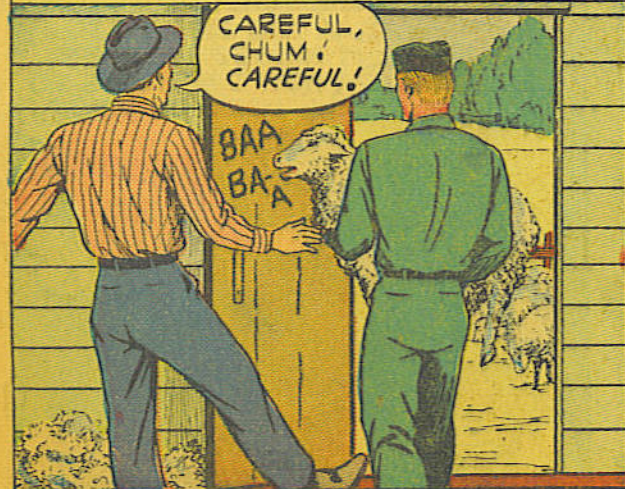
HAVEN'T CUT  
ONE YET, MR.  
RUGGE!



SLIP'RY BACKS INTO THE SHED WITH  
A SHEEP FROM THE PEN.

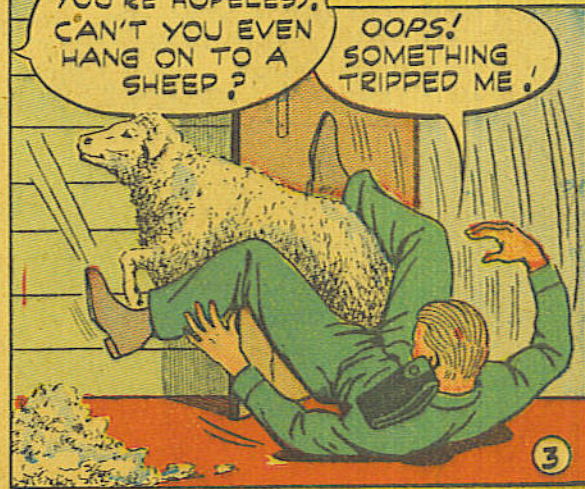
SLIP'RY TRIPS OVER RUGGE'S  
EXTENDED FOOT.

CAREFUL,  
CHUM!  
CAREFUL!



YOU'RE HOPELESS!  
CAN'T YOU EVEN  
HANG ON TO A  
SHEEP?

OOPS!  
SOMETHING  
TRIPPED ME!



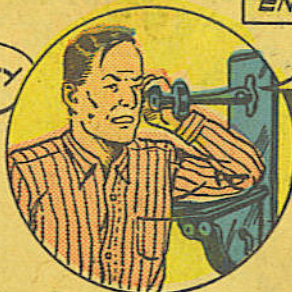


**H**AYS ENTERS THE SHED, AS SLIP'RY TUMBLES.

YOU SEE THAT? MY OATH! THESE YANKS ARE IMPOSSIBLE, PETE! YOU'VE GOT TO FIRE 'EM!

YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' 'EM PRETTY HARD, RUSS. TAKE IT EASY... WE NEED THEIR HELP!

LATER, RUSS RUGGE PHONES HAYS'S ENEMY, IAN SMITH.



I'VE BEEN RIDIN' 'EM, BUT THOSE YANKS ARE STICKIN' AND HAYS IS GETTIN' HIS SHEARIN' DONE.

GET ROUGH, RUSS! RUIN HIS SKINS AND FRAME THE YANKS FOR IT!



THAT NIGHT, DICK WAKES UP SUDDENLY.

WHAT'S THAT? NOISE IN THE SHEARING SHED! I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE.



DRESSING RAPIDLY, DICK HURRIES TO THE SHED.

WHY... IT'S RUGGE! THAT SMELL! ACID! HE'S POURING ACID ON MR. HAYS'S DRYING SHEEPSKINS!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WHAT THA...?



**RUGGE** WHIRLS AND FLINGS THE ACID AT DICK!

YOU SEE TOO MUCH, YOU BLASTED YANK! BUT THIS ACID'LL BURN YOUR PRYIN' EYES OUT!

ZING

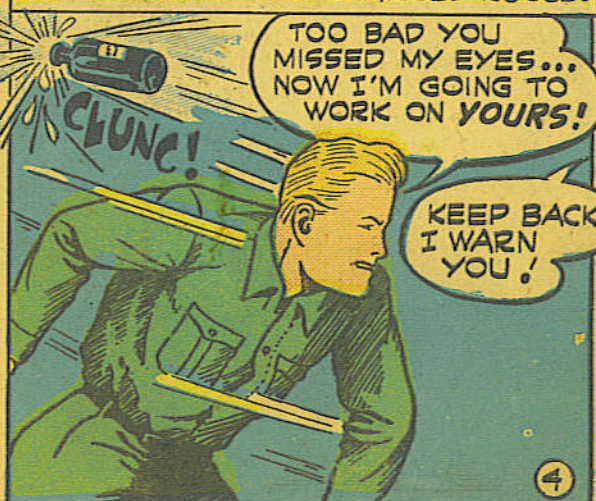


**DICK** DUCKS AND CHARGES RUGGE.

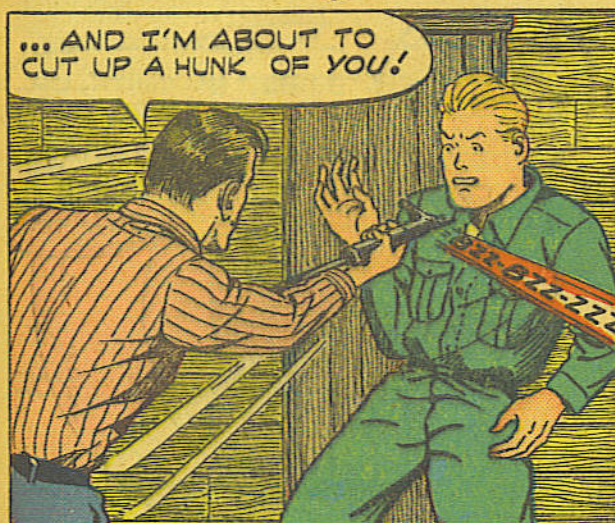
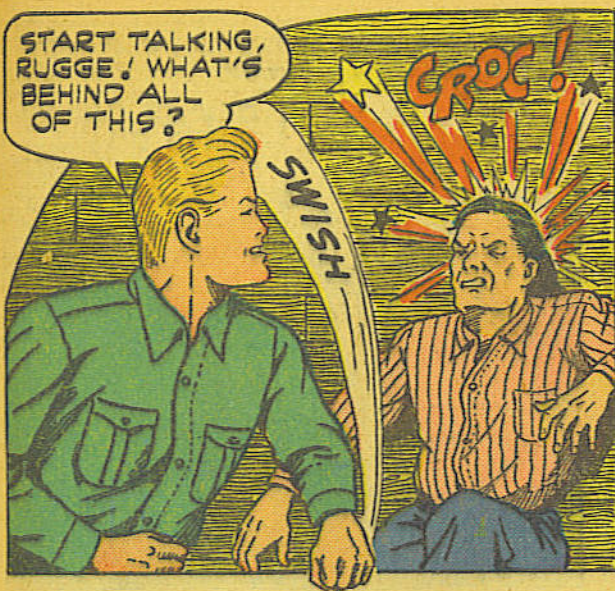
TOO BAD YOU MISSED MY EYES... NOW I'M GOING TO WORK ON YOURS!

CHUNC!

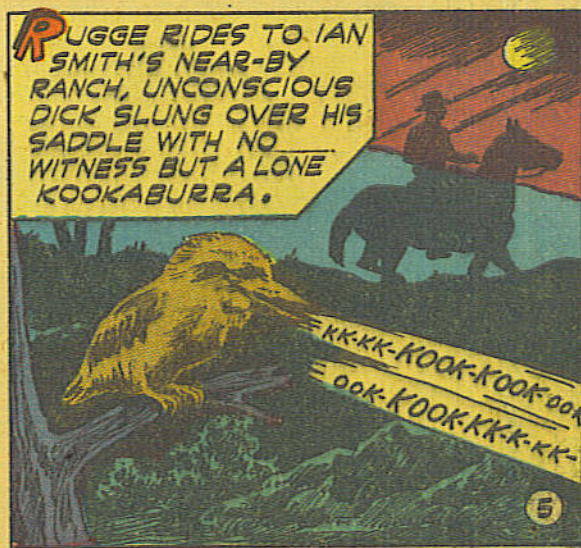
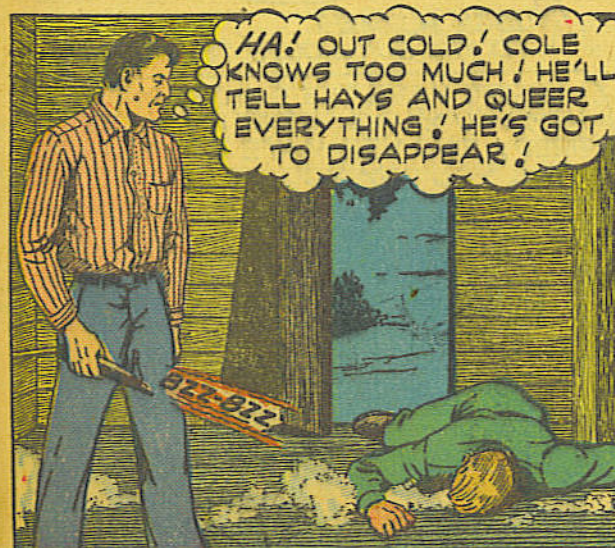
KEEP BACK, I WARN YOU!





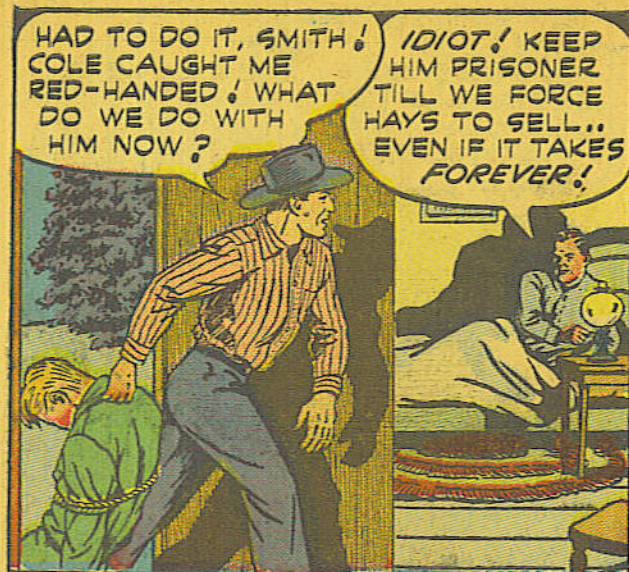


TRYING TO ESCAPE THE DEADLY ELECTRIC SHEARS, DICK SLIPS ON SOME GREASY WOOL.



Q 2 Is the Australian kookaburra a member of the robin, kingfisher, or sparrow family?





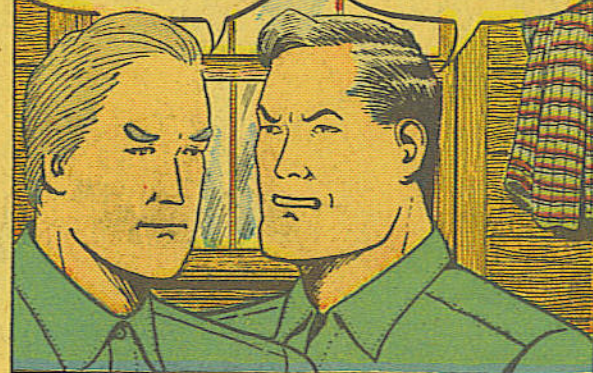
HAD TO DO IT, SMITH! COLE CAUGHT ME RED-HANDED! WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM NOW?

IDIOT! KEEP HIM PRISONER TILL WE FORCE HAYS TO SELL.. EVEN IF IT TAKES FOREVER!

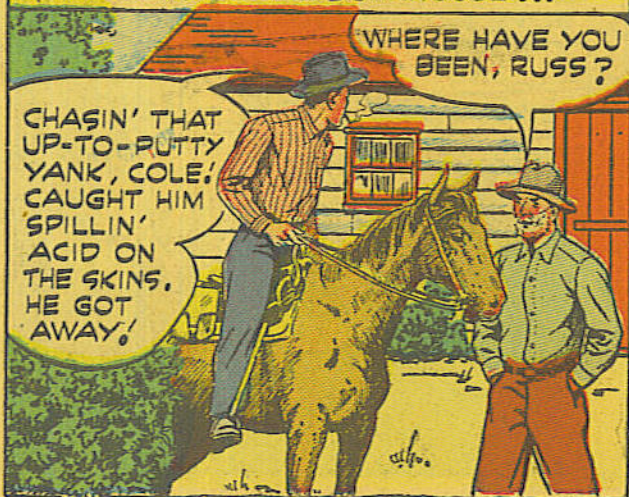
THAT MORNING, IN THE HAYS RANCH BUNKHOUSE...

...WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, MR. HAYS! NOT A SIGN OF DICK!

DARNED FUNNY! WHERE D'YOU S'POSE HE WENT TO, ANYHOW?



WHILE OUTSIDE THE BUNKHOUSE...

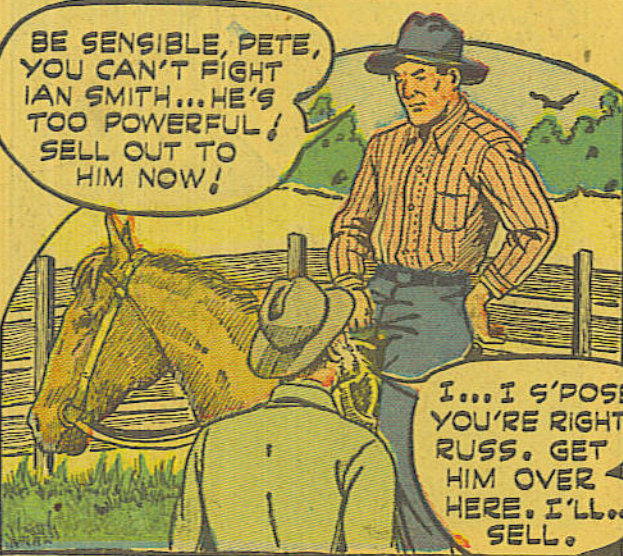
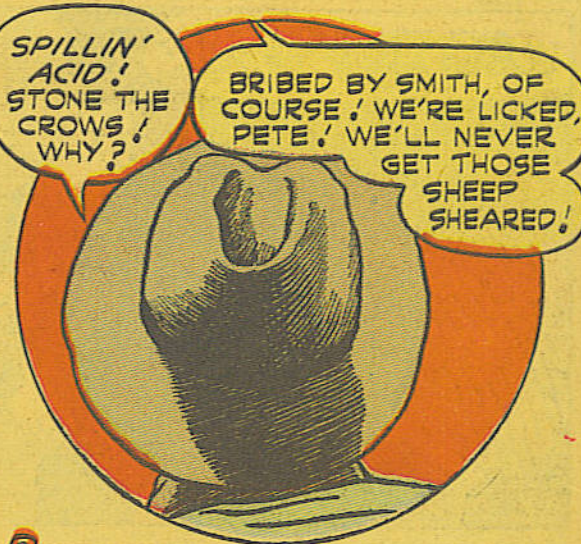


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, RUSS?

CHASIN' THAT UP-TO-PUTTY YANK, COLE! CAUGHT HIM 'SPILLIN' ACID ON THE SKINS. HE GOT AWAY!

SPILLIN' ACID! STONE THE CROWS! WHY?

BRIBED BY SMITH, OF COURSE! WE'RE LICKED, PETE! WE'LL NEVER GET THOSE SHEEP SHEARED!



BE SENSIBLE, PETE, YOU CAN'T FIGHT IAN SMITH...HE'S TOO POWERFUL! SELL OUT TO HIM NOW!

I...I S'POSE YOU'RE RIGHT, RUSS. GET HIM OVER HERE. I'LL.. SELL.

RUGGE HURRIES TO THE BUNKHOUSE TELEPHONE!

LEMME HAVE THE SMITH RANCH... HEY, YOU YANKS! BEAT IT! YE'RE FIRED! FIND YER MATE COLE... HE'LL TELL YOU WHY YOU'VE GOT THE SACK!



BARK, I SMELL A RAT!

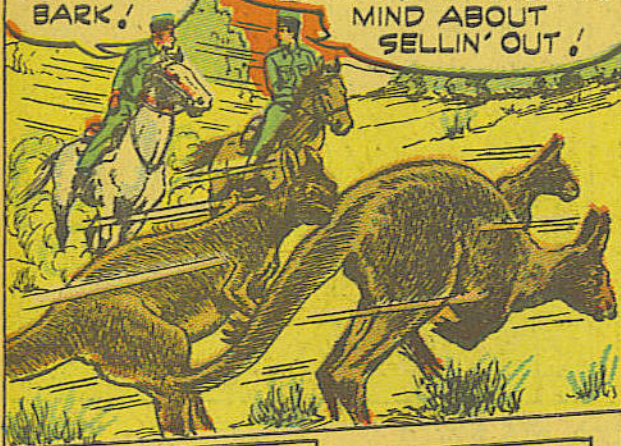
I SEE ONE!



**BARK AND SLIP'RY RIDE TO IAN SMITH'S RANCH, HOPING TO FIND A CLUE TO DICK'S DISAPPEARANCE.**

SOMETHIN' ROTTEN IN DENMARK, BARK!

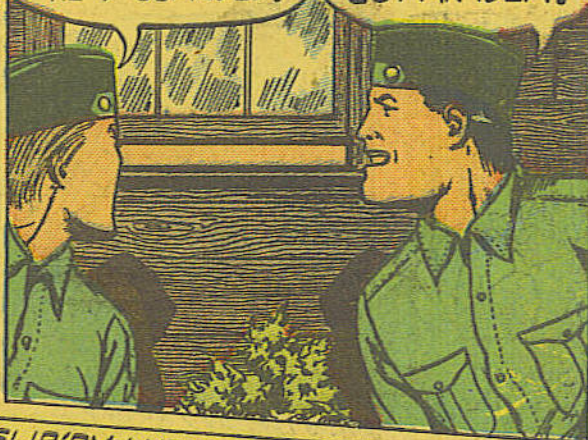
WHATEVER IT IS, IT MADE OLD HAYS CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT SELLIN' OUT!



**OUTSIDE THE SMITH RANCH BUNKHOUSE..**

LOOK... THERE'S DICK! HE'S TIED UP, BARK! AND HE'S GUARDED!

HOW'LL WE GET HIM OUT? UM-M-M. LISTEN! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



**MOMENTS LATER, THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...**

MATES! SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE! COME ON!

AH-CHOO!



**SLIP'RY LURES SMITH'S JACKAROOS AWAY FROM THE BUNKHOUSE.**

YIP! YOW! YIP! YOU AUSSIES WANT TO PLAY TAG?

IT'S ONE OF HAYS'S YANKS. C'MON, CATCH 'IM, MATES!



**BARK DARTS INTO THE DESERTED BUNKHOUSE AND QUICKLY UNTIES DICK!**

DICK! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S UP?

QUICK! SMITH HAS GONE TO THE HAYS'S RANCH... WE'VE GOT TO STOP HAYS FROM SELLING OUT! COME ON!



FASTER, BARK, FASTER! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!





**MEANWHILE, AT THE HAYS'S SHEEP RANCH SHED!**

THE SMARTEST THING YOU EVER DID, HAYS!

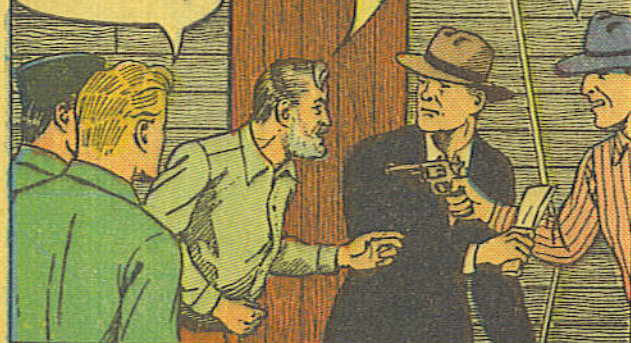
I WOULDN'T BE SIGNIN' THIS... SELLIN' OUT, IF THOSE YANKS HADN'T...(GULP)



I HEARD ONE OF YOUR MEN SAY THERE'S MILES OF OPAL ON YOUR LAND, MR. HAYS. SMITH HAS TRICKED YOU INTO THE SALE!

WHAT! GIVE ME BACK THAT BILL OF SALE, YOU DIRTY SWINDLER!

GET BACK, PETE, OR I'LL DRILL YOU FULL OF HOLES!



SMITH QUICKLY BECOMES AWARE OF THE BURNING DEED.

OUCH! MY HAND! WHAT THA...? WHY YOU ☆☆☆\*!! GET HIM, RUSS!

TOO LATE! THE ACID'S EATEN AWAY YOUR ILL-GOTTEN BILL OF SALE, SMITH!

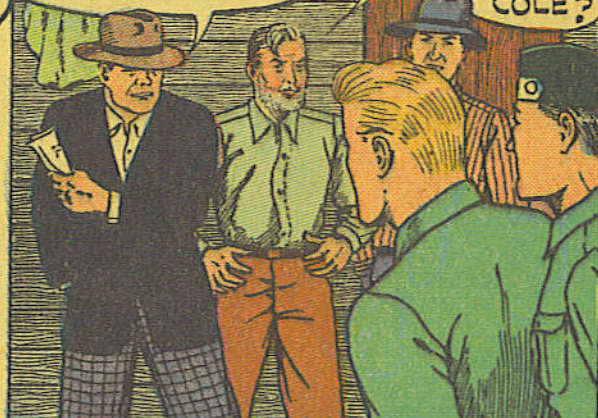
OMIGOSH! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! HERE COMES SLIP'RY, WITH SMITH'S MEN CHASIN' HIM!



**SUDDENLY, DICK AND BARK APPEAR ON THE SCENE.**

TOO LATE, YANKS! I'M THE NEW OWNER HERE! GET OUT!

W-WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, COLE?

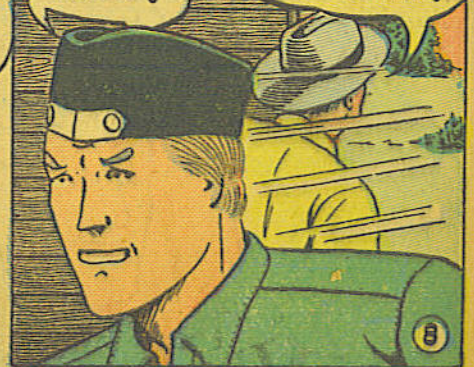


AS SMITH AND RUGGE SIDLE TOWARDS THE DOOR, DICK SEIZES THE BOTTLE OF ACID, AND POURS IT ON THE BILL OF SALE CLUTCHED BEHIND SMITH'S BACK.



AWK! THOSE JACKAROOS ARE STILL AFTER ME! HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

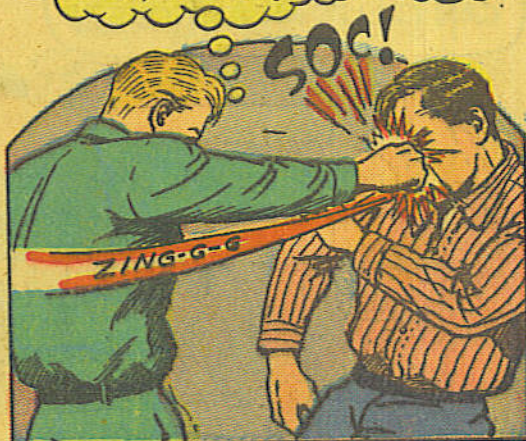
C'MON, BOYS! PILE INTO 'EM, AND DON'T STOP UNTIL HAYS SIGNS A NEW BILL OF SALE!







WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST SUCH ODDS! I'VE GOT TO GET REINFORCEMENTS! OUT OF THE WAY, RUGGE!



AS RUGGE FALLS, DICK SPRINGS TO THE LEVER WHICH OPENS ALL THE SHEEP PENS SIMULTANEOUSLY!



THE SHEEP POUR THROUGH THE OPENED DOORS.



ONE WEEK LATER, AS A SHIP PREPARES TO SAIL OUT OF SIDNEY HARBOR FOR THE U.S., A MESSENGER DELIVERS THREE BON VOYAGE GIFTS TO THE BOYS. DICK QUICKLY OPENS HIS.

G-GOSH! AN OPAL! AND WHAT A WHOPPER!

PETE HAYS SURE IS AN "OLE PAL."

WHAT'S THE NOTE SAY, DICK?



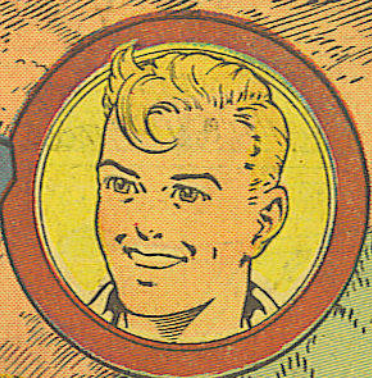
GOSH! THE AUSSIES ARE SWELL PEOPLE!

YOU BET! I FEEL HOMESICK FOR AUSTRALIA ALREADY!



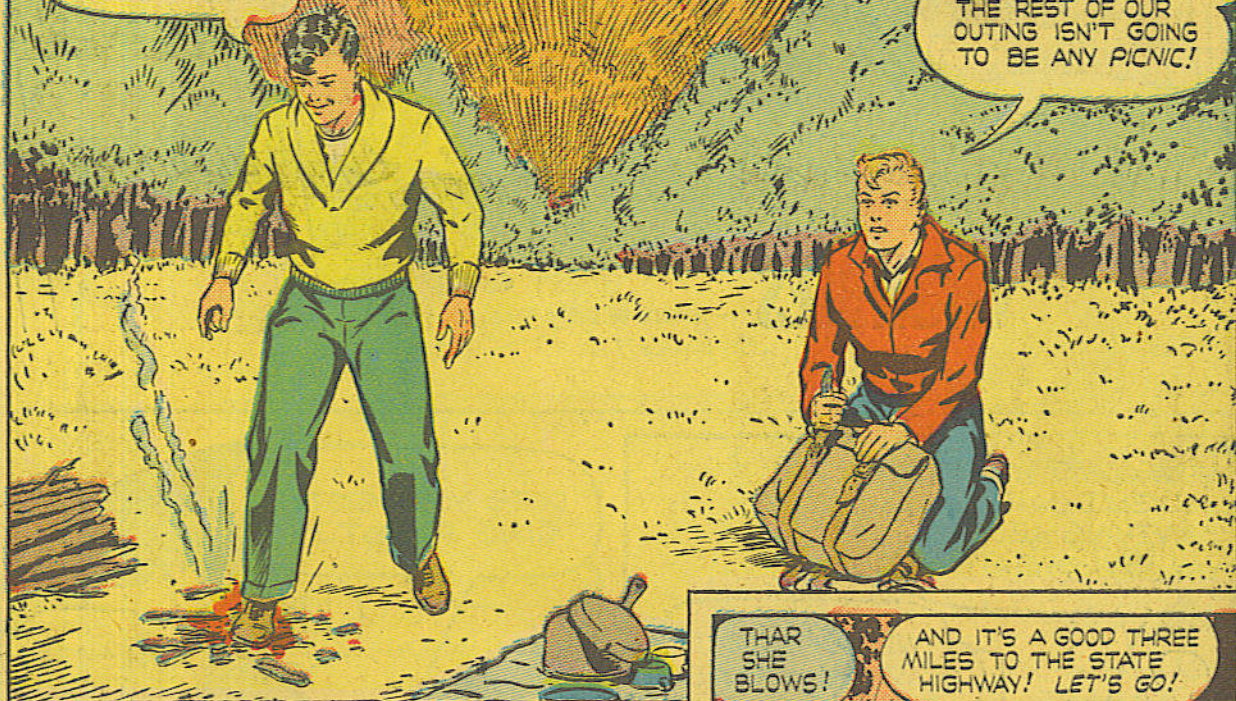


# Edison Bell



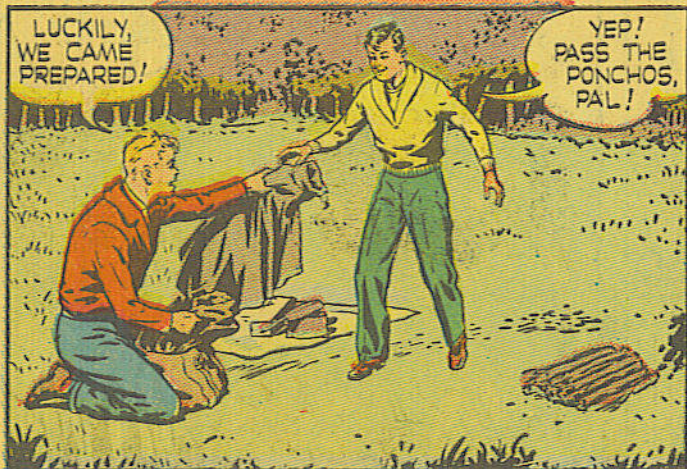
WE'VE EATEN EVERYTHING,  
EDISON! MIGHT AS WELL  
CALL IT A DAY!

FROM THE LOOKS OF  
THOSE STORM CLOUDS,  
THE REST OF OUR  
OUTING ISN'T GOING  
TO BE ANY PICNIC!



LUCKILY,  
WE CAME  
PREPARED!

YEP!  
PASS THE  
PONCHOS,  
PAL!

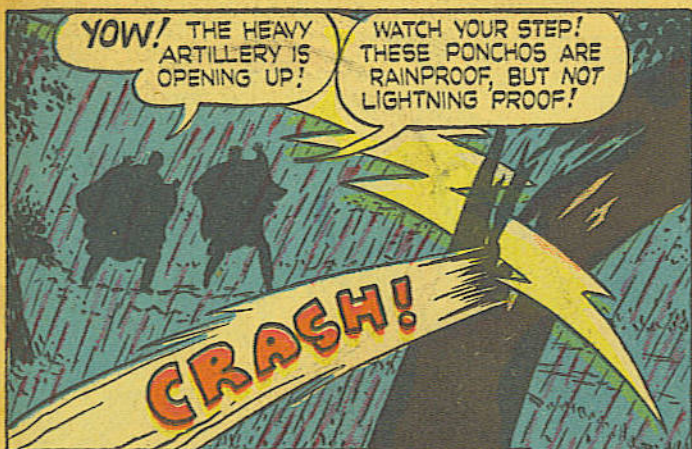


THAT  
SHE  
BLOWS!

AND IT'S A GOOD THREE  
MILES TO THE STATE  
HIGHWAY! LET'S GO!







YOW! THE HEAVY ARTILLERY IS OPENING UP!

WATCH YOUR STEP! THESE PONCHOS ARE RAINPROOF, BUT NOT LIGHTNING PROOF!

**CRASH!**



WHEW! THAT TIMBER TOPPLED RIGHT ACROSS OUR TRAIL!

BETTER THE TRAIL THAN US, EDISON, BR-R!



HELP!

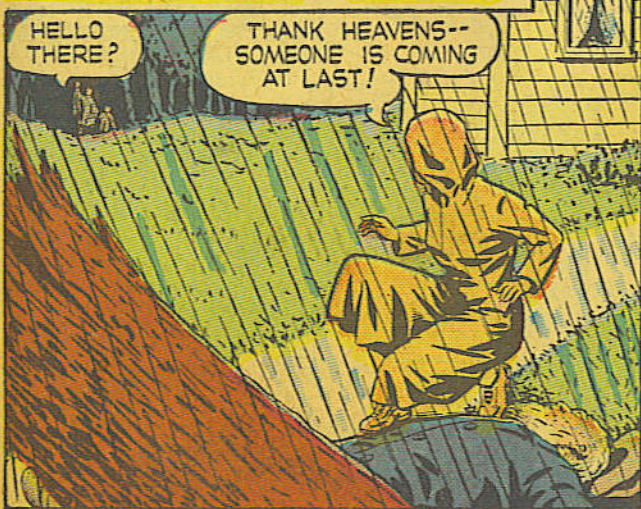
HELLO, WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, JERRY! COME ON, IT CAME FROM OVER IN THAT DIRECTION!



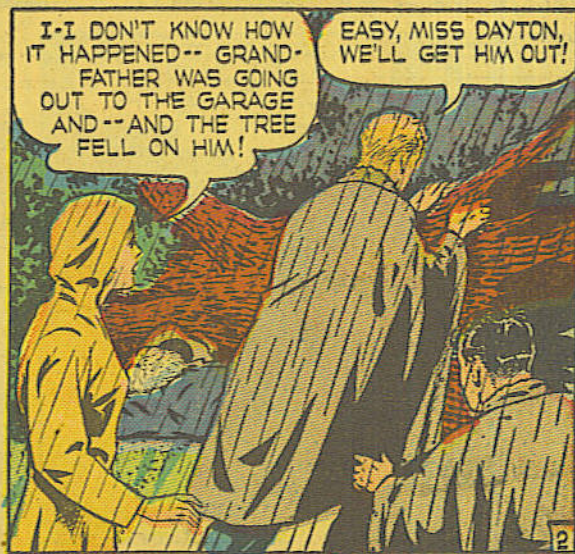
SAY, ISN'T THAT WHERE OLD MR. DAYTON, THE WOODCUTTER, LIVES?

I CAN'T SEE VERY WELL IN THIS DOWNPOUR, BUT, YES, IT IS!



HELLO THERE?

THANK HEAVENS-- SOMEONE IS COMING AT LAST!

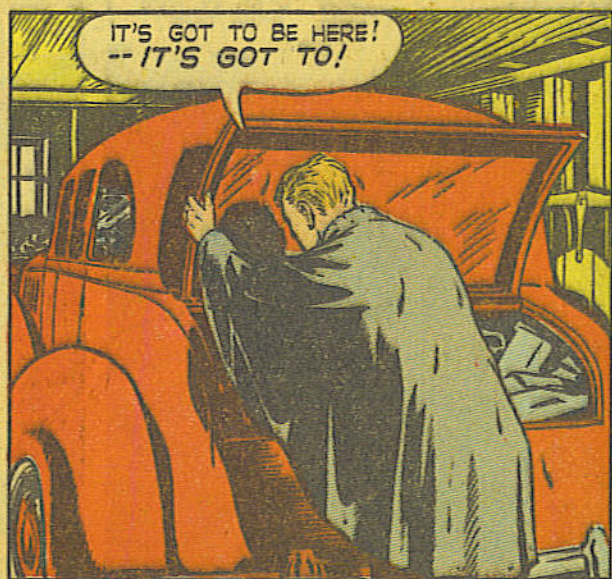
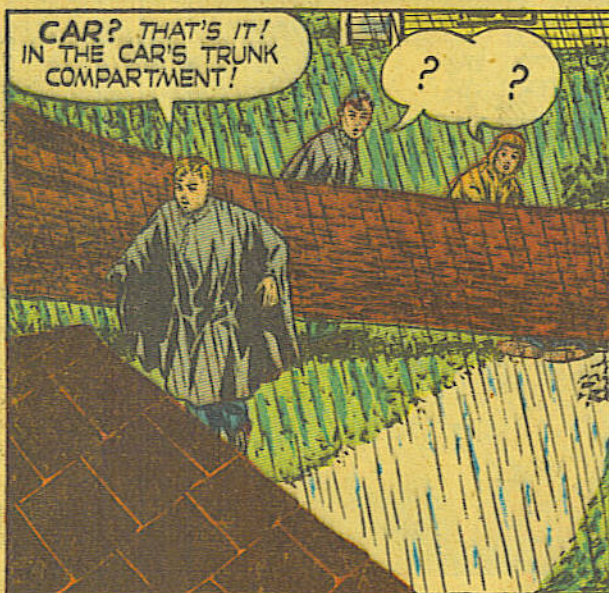
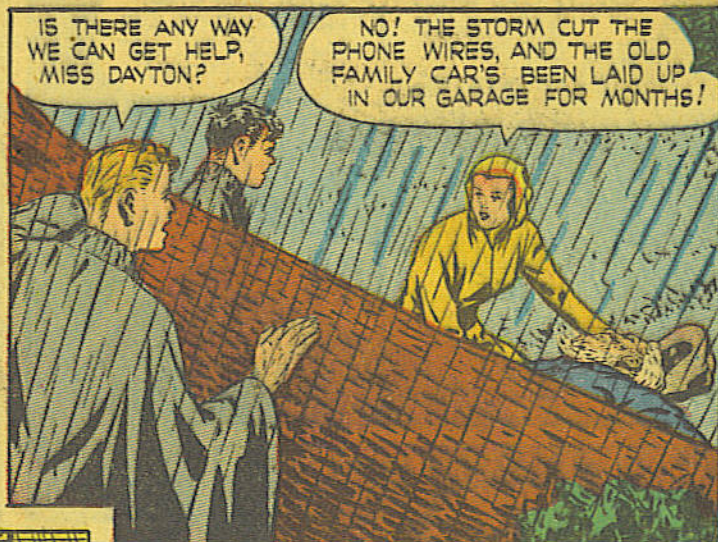


I-I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED-- GRAND-FATHER WAS GOING OUT TO THE GARAGE AND--AND THE TREE FELL ON HIM!

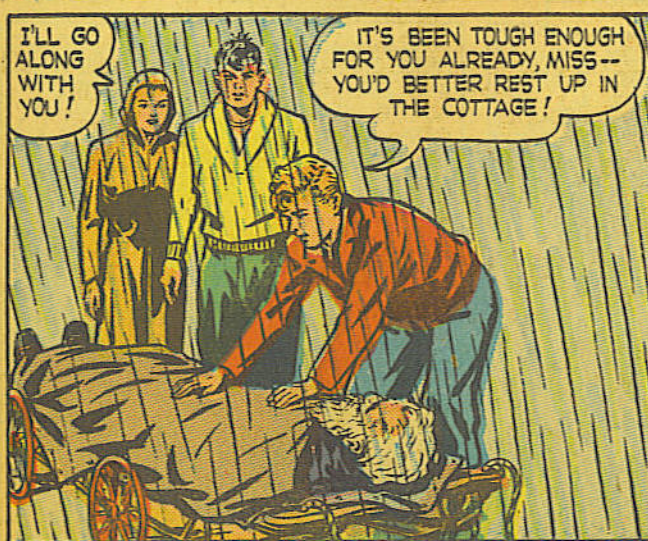
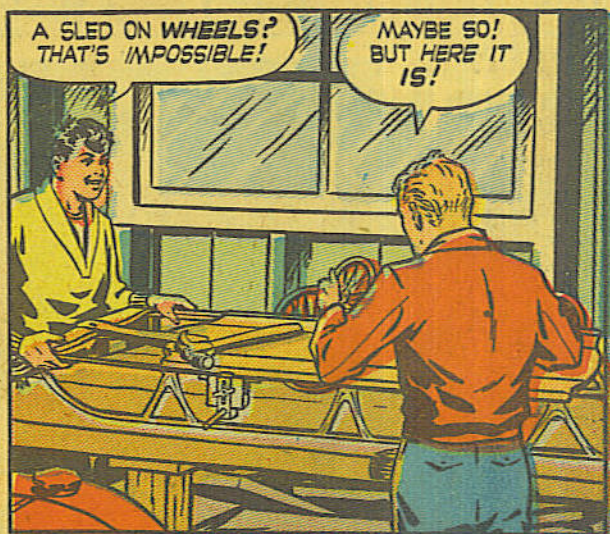
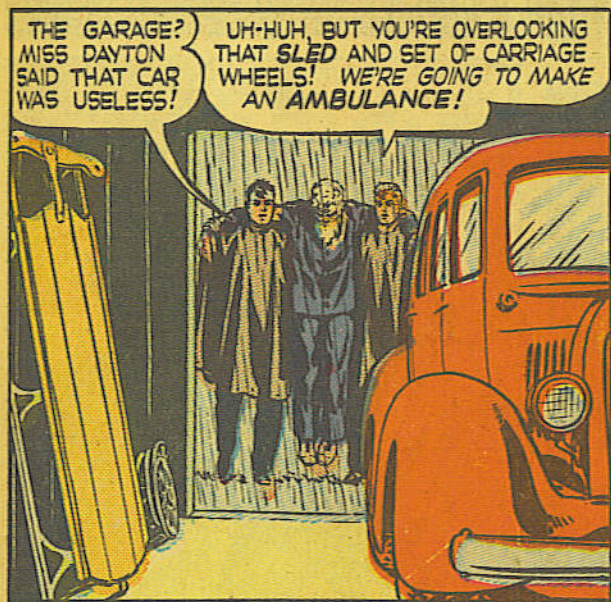
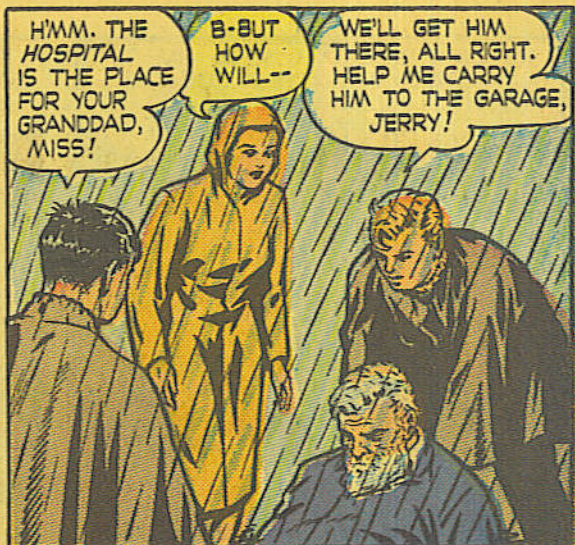
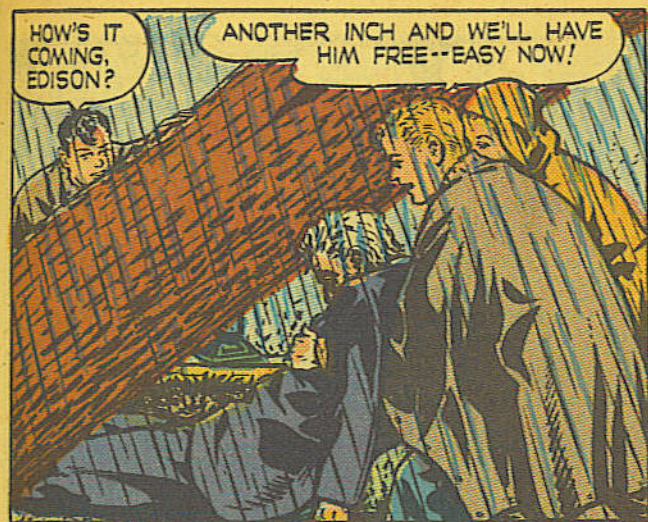
EASY, MISS DAYTON, WE'LL GET HIM OUT!

Q 4 In what popular song is the phrase, "it's raining violets"?

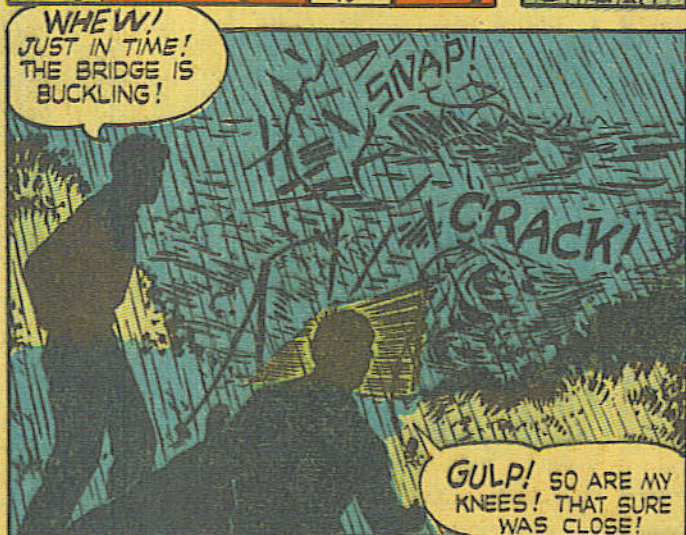
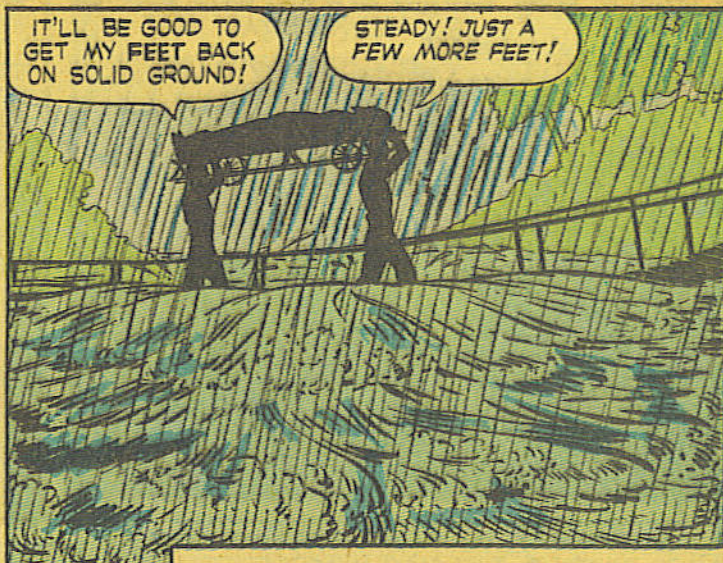














TRANSFORM YOUR SLED INTO A

# SLED-MOBILE

WITH RETRACTABLE WHEELS AND HAVE FUN ALL YEAR ROUND

1. THE MATERIALS NEEDED ARE 1

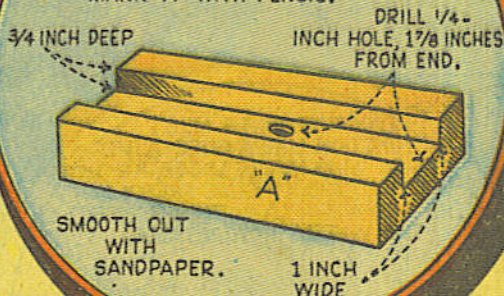
- FOUR ROLLER-SKATE WHEELS,
- FOUR PIECES OF WOOD,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  X 2 INCHES AND 3 INCHES LONG,\*
- FOUR PIECES OF WOOD,  $\frac{3}{4}$  X 1 INCH AND  $4\frac{1}{4}$  INCHES LONG,
- FOUR  $\frac{3}{16}$ -INCH NUTS, WASHERS, AND BOLTS,
- FOUR  $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH BOLTS, 2 INCHES LONG WITH 4 WING NUTS AND WASHERS,
- EIGHT 2-INCH "L" BRACKETS WITH  $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH WOOD SCREWS.

\* SEE NOTE AT END.

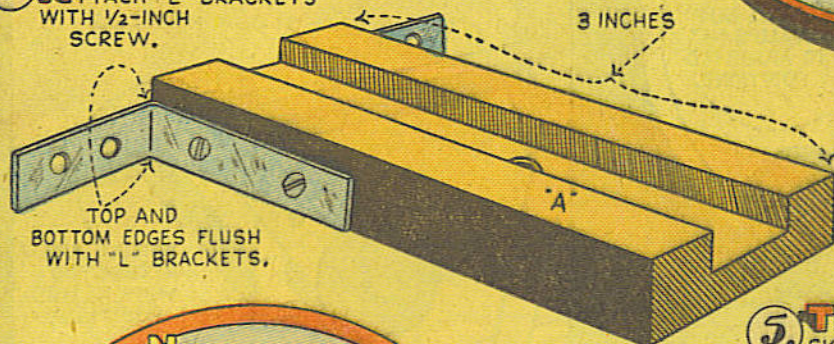
By  
Harry  
Lazarus

2. PREPARE MATERIALS AS FOLLOWS:

USING A SAW AND A WOOD CHISEL, CARVE OUT A SQUARE-EDGED GROOVE THROUGH LENGTH OF 3-INCH PIECES OF WOOD AND MARK "A" WITH PENCIL.

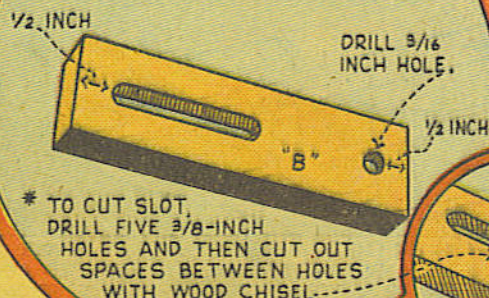


3. ATTACH "L" BRACKETS WITH  $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH SCREW.

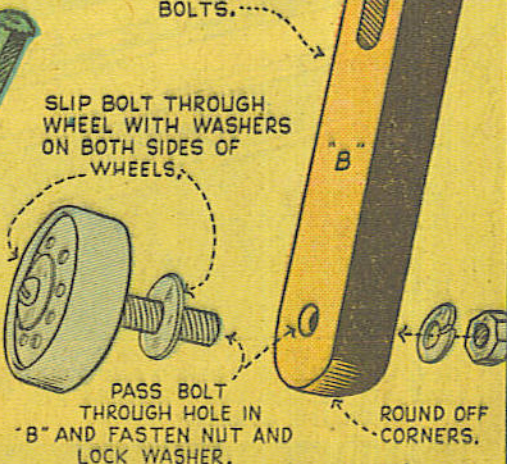


(SMOOTH SLOT WITH SANDPAPER.)

4. NOW TAKE YOUR  $4\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH PIECES OF WOOD, MARK THEM "B" AND CUT A SLOT\*  $\frac{3}{8}$  INCH WIDE AND  $1\frac{1}{2}$  INCHES LONG. DRILL HOLE NEAR BOTTOM AS ILLUSTRATED.



5. THEN FASTEN SKATE WHEELS TO "B" PIECES WITH  $\frac{3}{16}$  INCH BOLTS.



(CONTINUED)



6. ILLUSTRATION SHOWS HOW TO ASSEMBLE THE PREPARED "A" AND "B" UNITS WITH THE  $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH BOLTS AND WING NUTS.

FIG. 1

SLIP  $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH BOLTS THROUGH HOLE DRILLED IN "A" PIECES.

FIG. 2. BOLT THEN GOES THROUGH SLOT CUT INTO "B" PIECES AND LOCKED WITH A WASHER AND A WING NUT.

( $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH BOLT SHOULD PASS FREELY THROUGH SLOT IN "B".)

7. FINISHED UNITS MUST FUNCTION LIKE A SLIDE-RULE. WHEN WING NUT IS LOOSE, THE "B" SECTION SHOULD SLIDE FREELY IN THE GROOVE IN "A"... THIS MAKES THE WHEELS RETRACTABLE.

PULL WHEELS ALL THE WAY DOWN WHEN IN USE.

WING NUT CLAMPS "B" TO ADJUSTED POSITIONS.

8. NOW THE FOUR FINISHED UNITS ARE ATTACHED TO THE FRAME OF YOUR SLED WITH THE  $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH WOOD SCREWS... THE WHEELS MAY FACE AWAY OR TOWARDS THE RUNNERS OF THE SLED (AN ADJUSTMENT WHICH MAY BE MADE WHEN ASSEMBLING THE UNITS) WHICHEVER CLEARS THE RUNNERS BEST ON YOUR SLED.

$\frac{1}{2}$  INCH SCREWS

WHEELS ARE RETRACTED WHEN IN THIS POSITION.

PUT FRONT WHEELS UP FRONT AS FAR AS POSSIBLE. THE **SLED-MOBILE** WILL STEER WHEN CROSSBAR IS USED.

5  $\frac{1}{2}$  INCHES

CROSSBAR

9. WITH ALL WHEELS ATTACHED, YOUR **SLED-MOBILE** IS FINISHED AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU'RE NOW THE PROUDEST KID ON THE STREET!

NOTE: CHECK MEASUREMENTS OF SPACE BETWEEN FRAME AND RUNNERS AND ADD OR SUBTRACT THE DIFFERENCE FROM THE TOP OF THE "A" PIECES BEFORE STARTING.



# GROVER AND BONNIE

"Featuring THE  
ROBOT ROD"

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING,  
WHICH MEANS THE  
OFFICE FORCE OF THE  
TERRIFIC TICK TOCK CO.  
WORKS ONLY UNTIL NOON.  
GROVER AND BONNIE  
ARE JUST ARRIVING

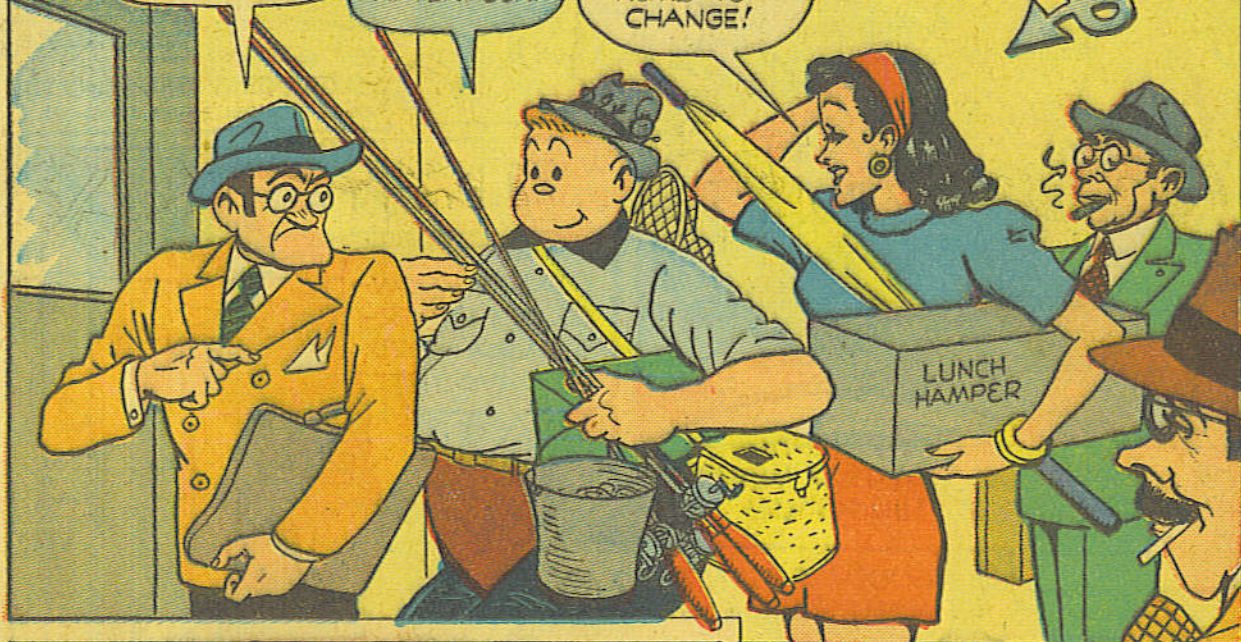
UP

GROVER, WHAT'S  
THE MEANING  
OF ALL THIS?

WE'RE GOING  
FISHING  
AT THE BEACH  
THIS  
AFTERNOON!

AND WE  
DIDN'T WANT  
TO GO  
HOME TO  
CHANGE!

6



OUCH!  
I'M  
STABBED!

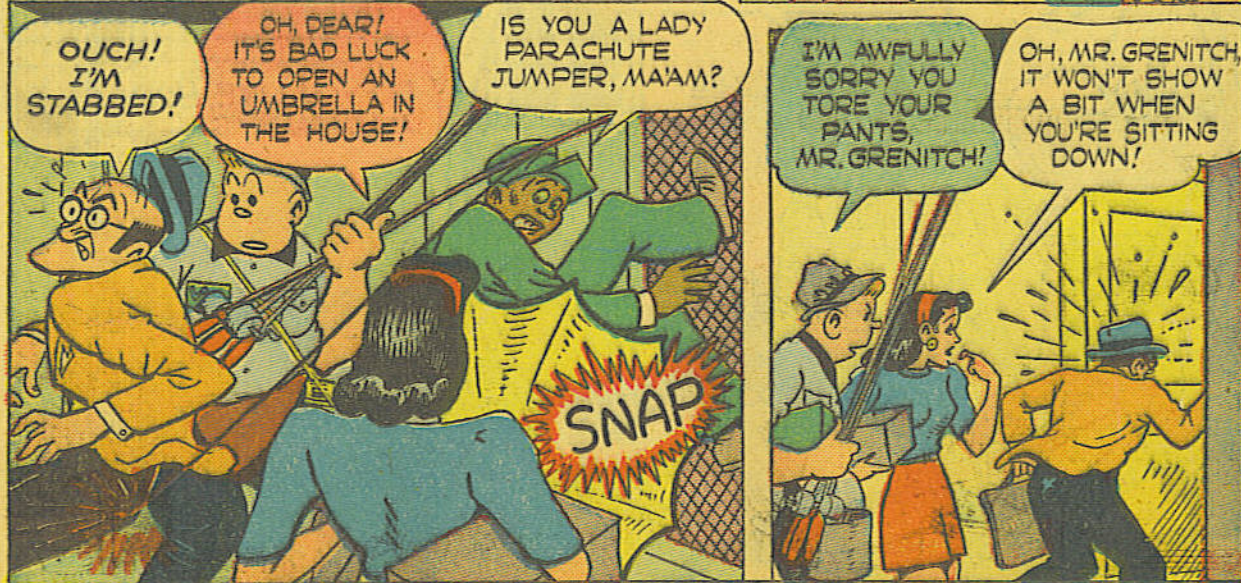
OH, DEAR!  
IT'S BAD LUCK  
TO OPEN AN  
UMBRELLA IN  
THE HOUSE!

IS YOU A LADY  
PARACHUTE  
JUMPER, MA'AM?

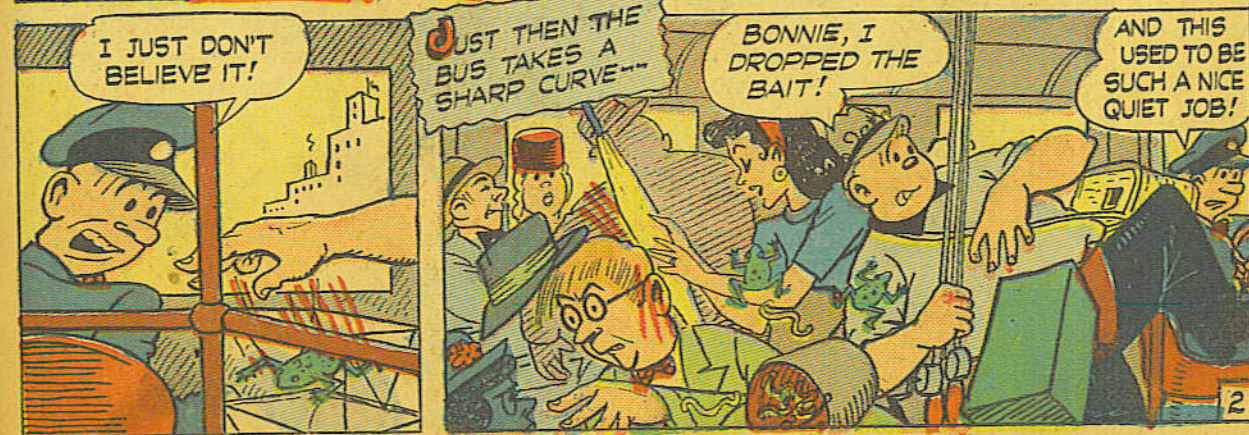
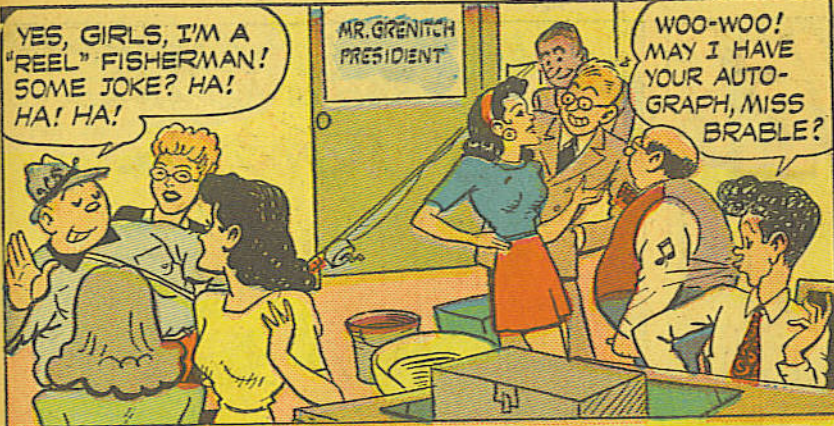
I'M AWFULLY  
SORRY YOU  
TORE YOUR  
PANTS,  
MR. GRENITCH!

OH, MR. GRENITCH,  
IT WON'T SHOW  
A BIT WHEN  
YOU'RE SITTING  
DOWN!

SNAP

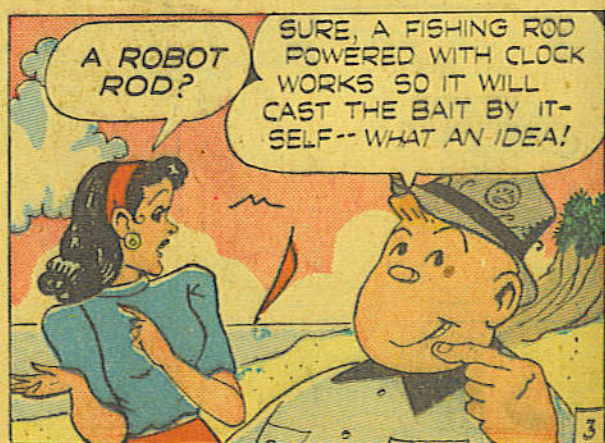
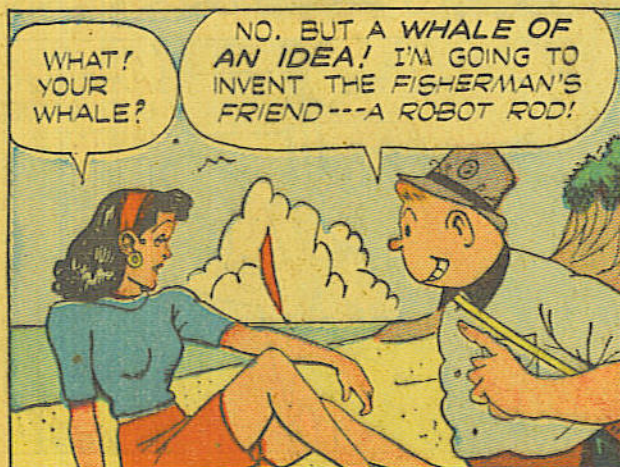
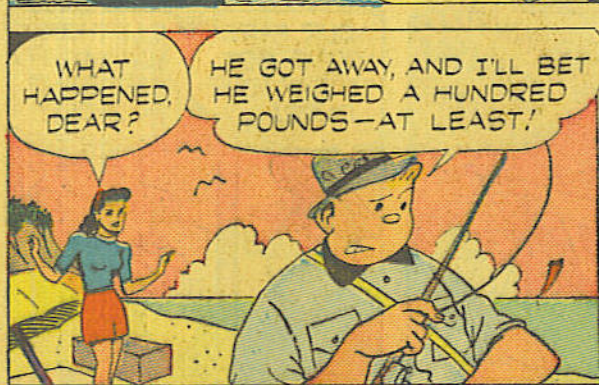
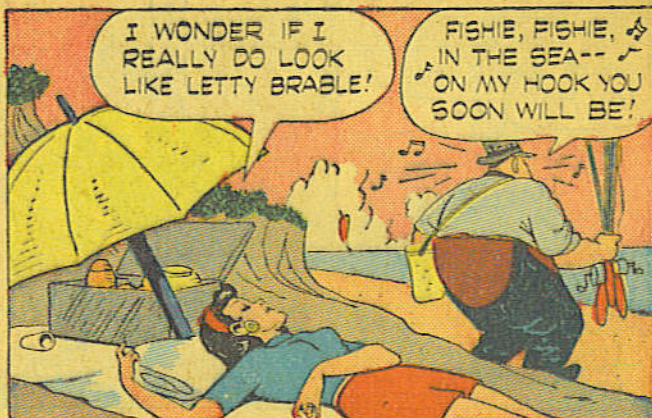
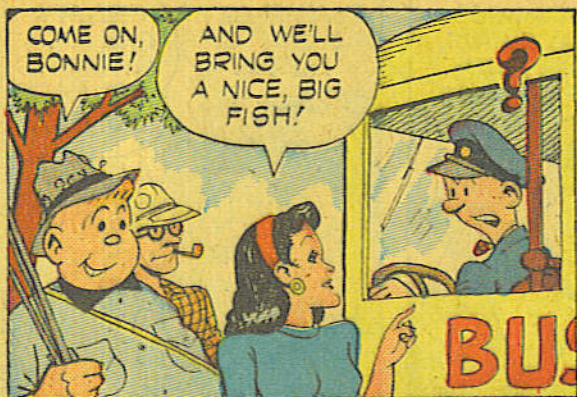




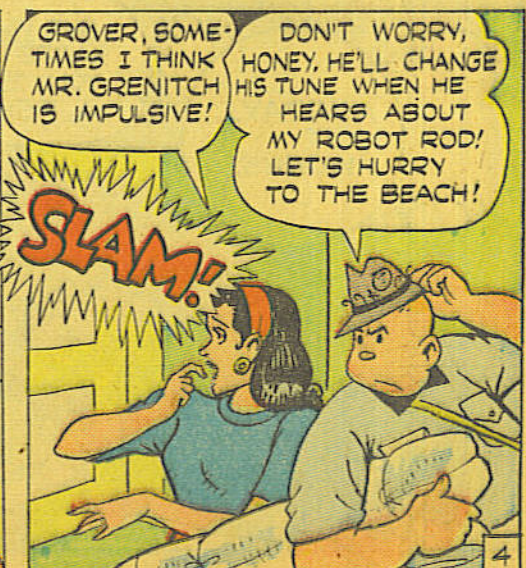
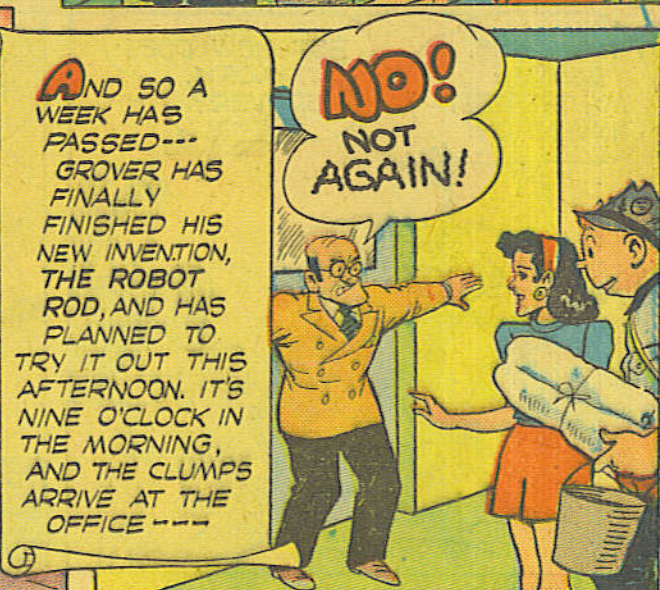
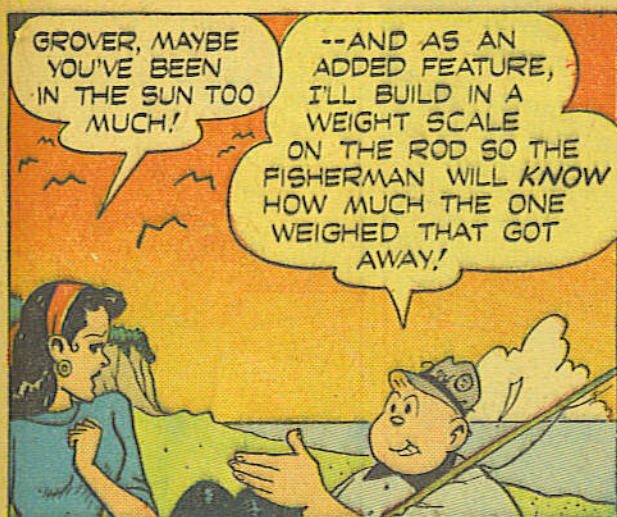


Q 6 Grover would not catch which one of these in the sea: striped bass, cod, or pike?

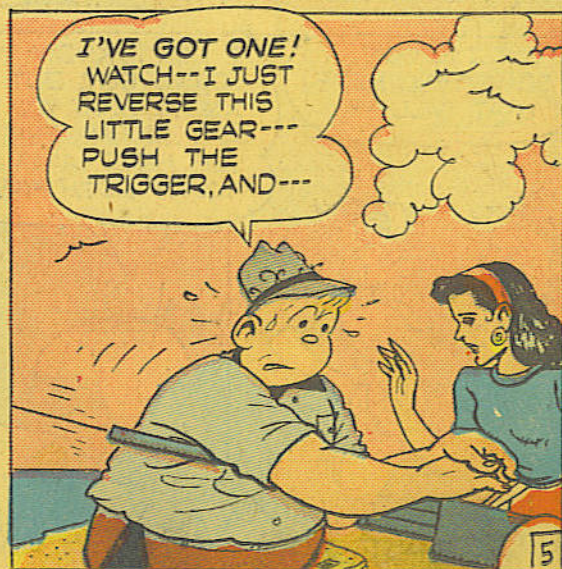
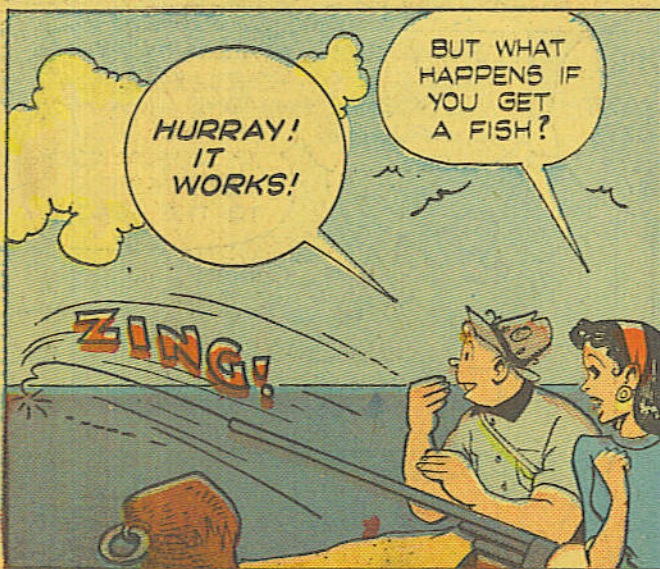
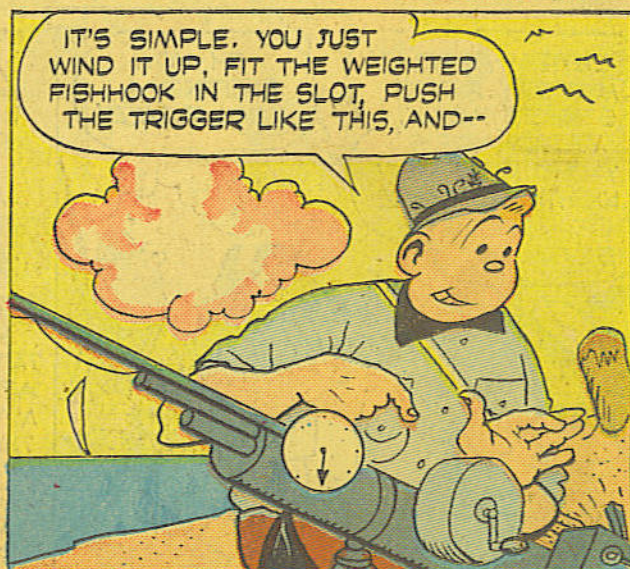
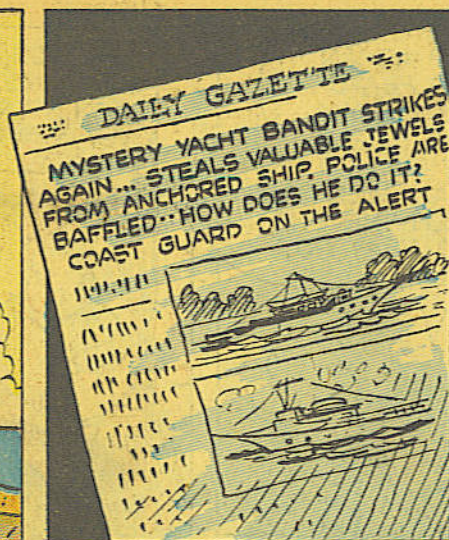
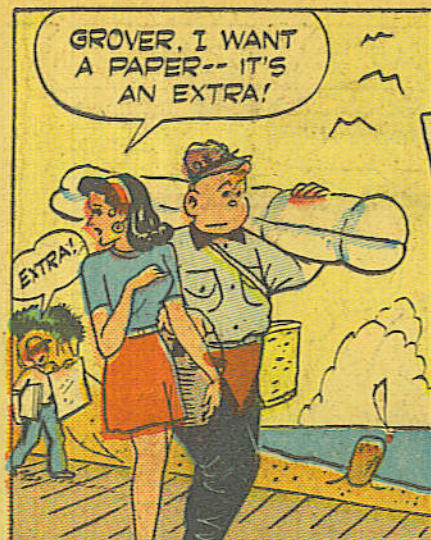












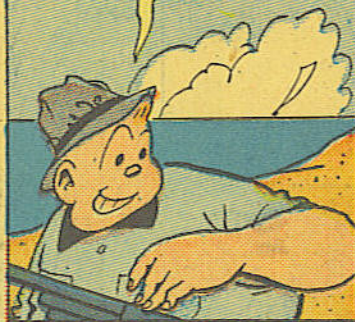


AND I  
LAND  
THE FISH!

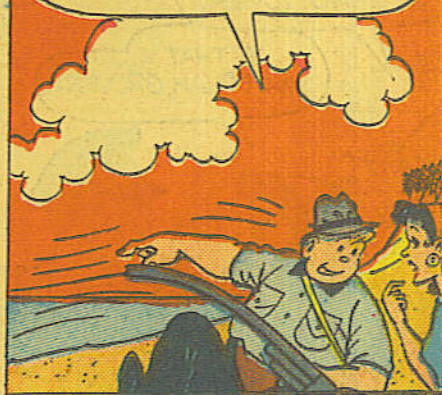
LOOKS LIKE  
THE FISH  
LANDED  
YOU!



BOY, OH BOY--WHAT  
AN INVENTION! THIS  
TIME I'LL WIND IT UP  
FULL STRENGTH  
AND REALLY MAKE  
A CAST!

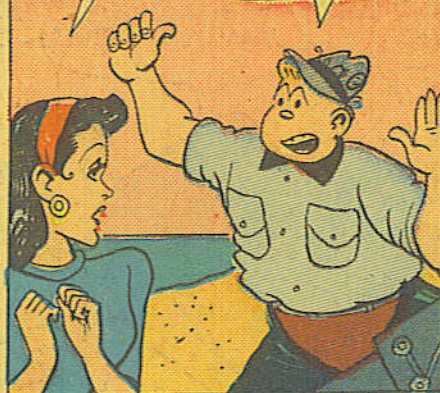
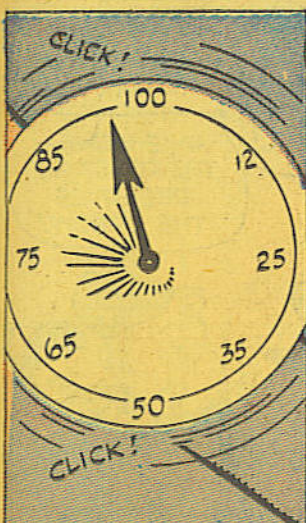


HOT DOG--ANOTHER  
STRIKE ALREADY-- AND  
IT'S A BIG ONE! LOOK  
AT THAT WEIGHT GAUGE!



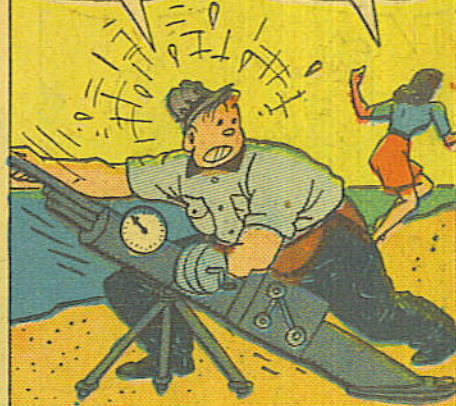
GROVER!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

I'VE REALLY  
HOOKED A  
WHALE!  
GET HELP!



HURRY, BONNIE!  
I CAN'T HOLD  
OUT MUCH  
LONGER!

HELP, HELP!  
MY HUSBAND  
IS BEING  
FISHNAPPED!!



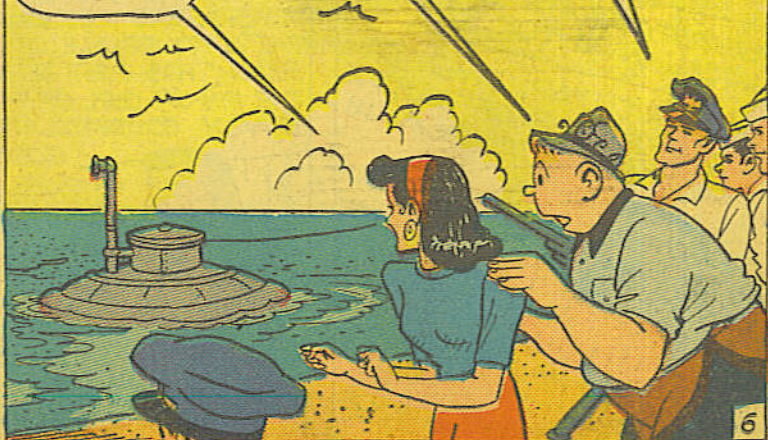
PULL FOR THE SHORE, MEN!!  
I'VE CAUGHT THE WHALE THAT  
SWALLOWED JONAH!!!



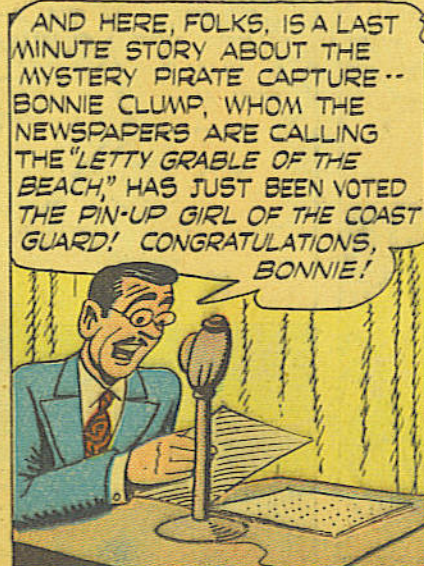
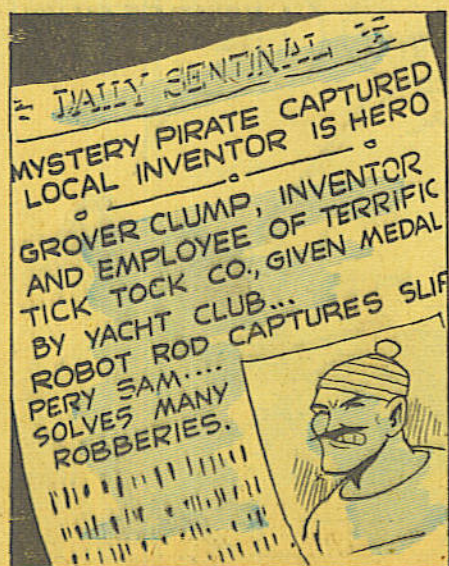
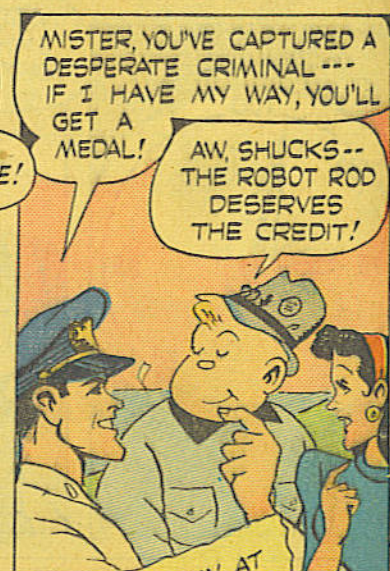
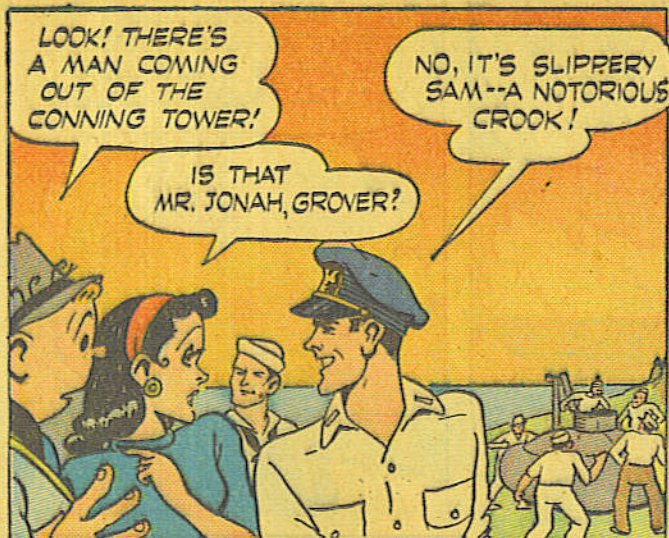
GROVER...  
THAT'S NOT  
A WHALE--  
IT'S A ---

IT'S A ---  
SUBMARINE!

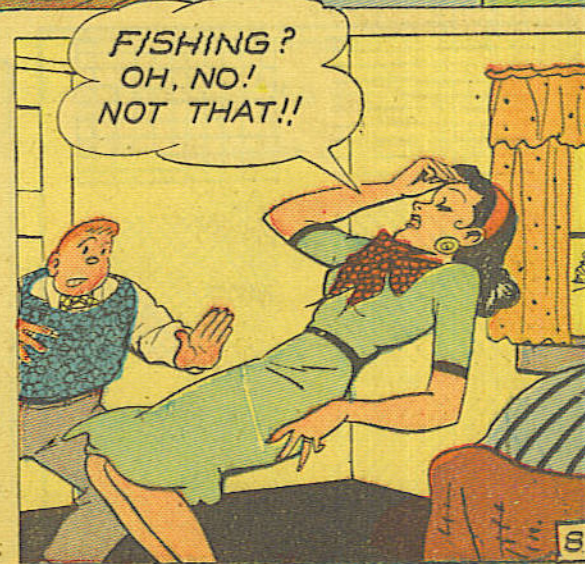
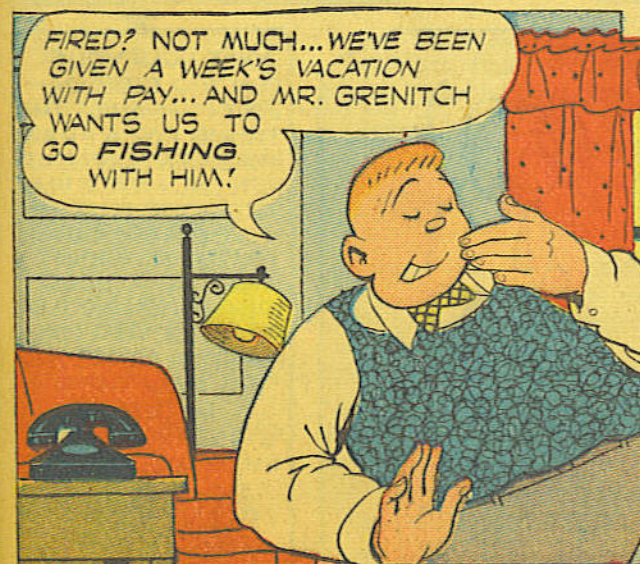
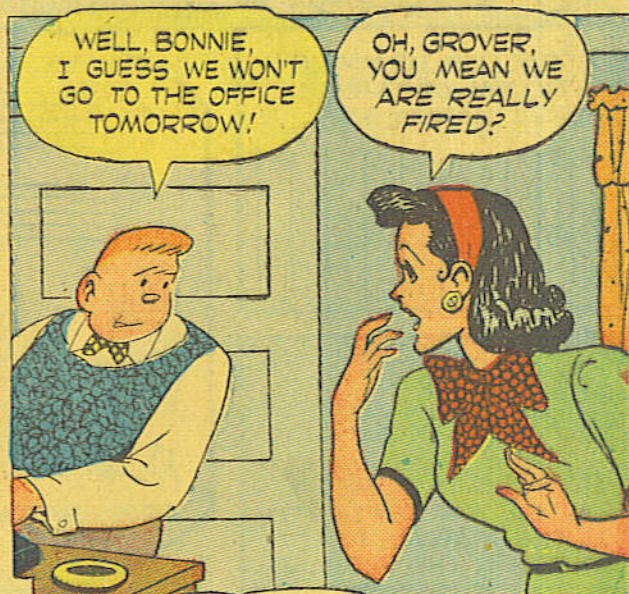
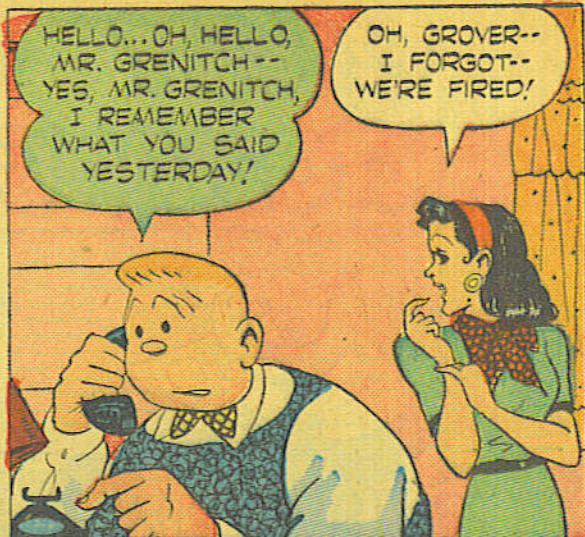
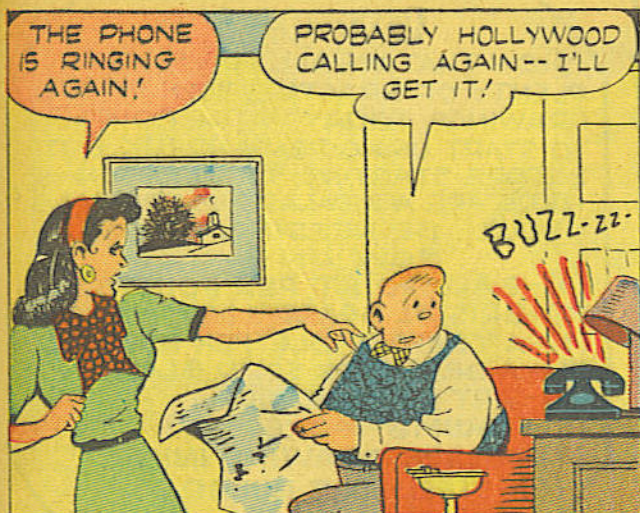
A MINIATURE SUB!!  
A ONE-MAN SUB!  
PULL IT IN, MEN!





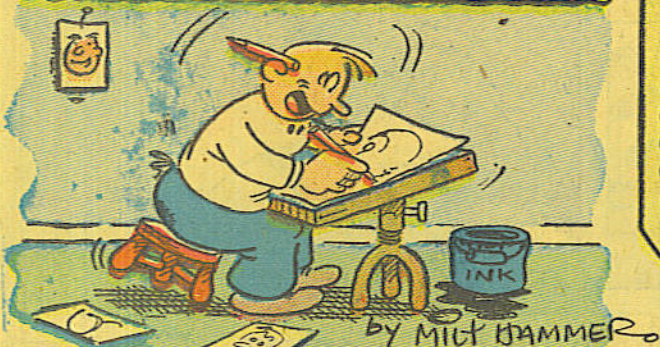








# EASY CARTOONING



## LESSON-6

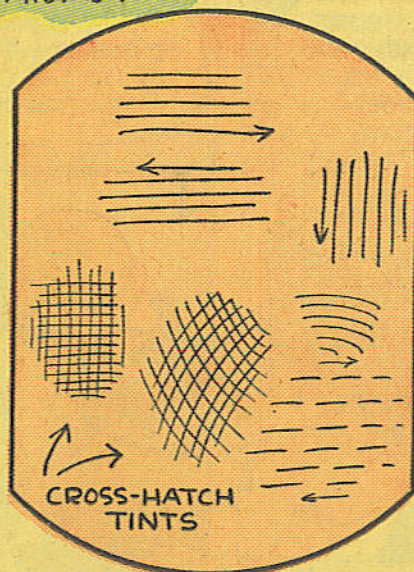
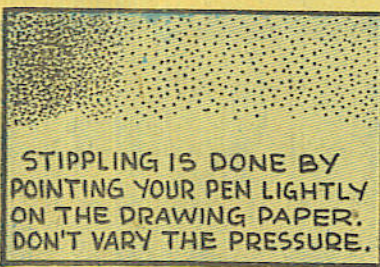
NOW THAT WE ALL HAVE HAD PLENTY OF PRACTICE WITH PENCIL DRAWINGS, TODAY WE'RE GOING TO START USING PEN AND INK. BUT, BEFORE STARTING THIS LESSON — HERE ARE A FEW ART MATERIALS YOU'LL BE NEEDING FROM NOW ON —

- (1) - BALL-POINT PEN POINTS.
- (2) - BRISTOL BOARD (2 OR 3 PLY THICKNESS)
- (3) - A "COMFORTABLE" PEN HOLDER.
- (4) - A BRUSH FOR SOLID BLACKS.
- (5) - ART GUM ERASER.
- (6) - THUMB TACKS.
- (7) - BLACK DRAWING INK.
- (8) - STEEL-EDGE RULER.

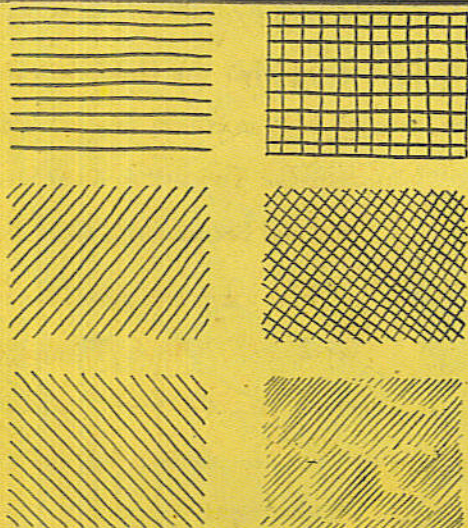
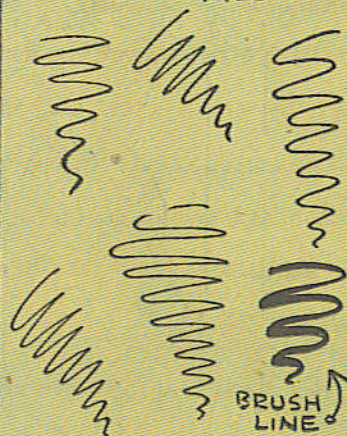
**P**RACTICE DRAWING SEVERAL OF THESE FREE-HAND LINES...



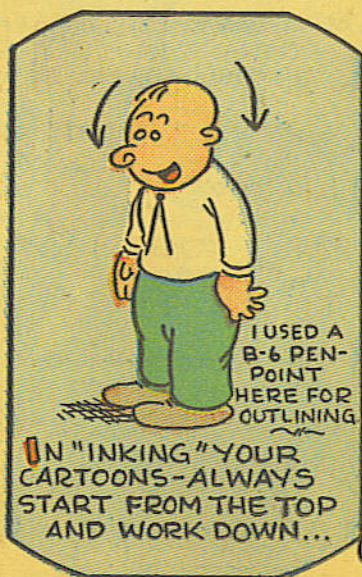
STIPPLING IS DONE BY POINTING YOUR PEN LIGHTLY ON THE DRAWING PAPER. DON'T VARY THE PRESSURE.



**H**ERE'S A GOOD PRACTICE LINE — "THE WIGGLE"



COPY THIS EXERCISE-ALL FREEHAND LINES!



**I**N "INKING" YOUR CARTOONS-ALWAYS START FROM THE TOP AND WORK DOWN...

DON'T HOLD YOUR PEN TOO FIRMLY—REST IT AGAINST THE THUMB FOR A FREE MOVEMENT. DIP YOUR PEN ONLY HALF WAY INTO YOUR INK — NEVER "LABOR" OVER YOUR PEN LINES. IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU WOULD PRACTICE YOUR LINES FIRST IN PENCIL AND GO OVER THEM IN INK...

**T**HIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON SO DO PLENTY OF PRACTICING...



# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN.

WHEN ADVENTURE CALLS, BLUE BOLT, THE ROVING SKY PILOT, IS FIRST ON THE SCENE-- AND WHEN CRIMINALS CROSS HIS TRAIL, IT IS HE WHO GETS IN THE LAST LICKS!



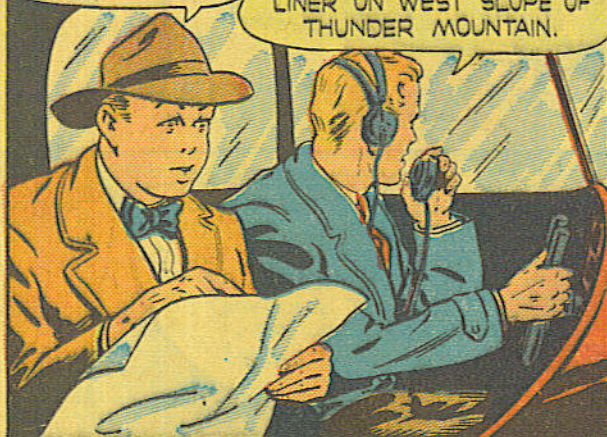
ON AN ASSIGNMENT FOR "GLIMPSES," THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, BLUE BOLT AND SNAP DOODLE FLY OVER RUGGED MOUNTAIN RANGES SEARCHING FOR A LOST AIRLINER.

Q 9 The Rocky Mountain range lies only in the United States. True or false?



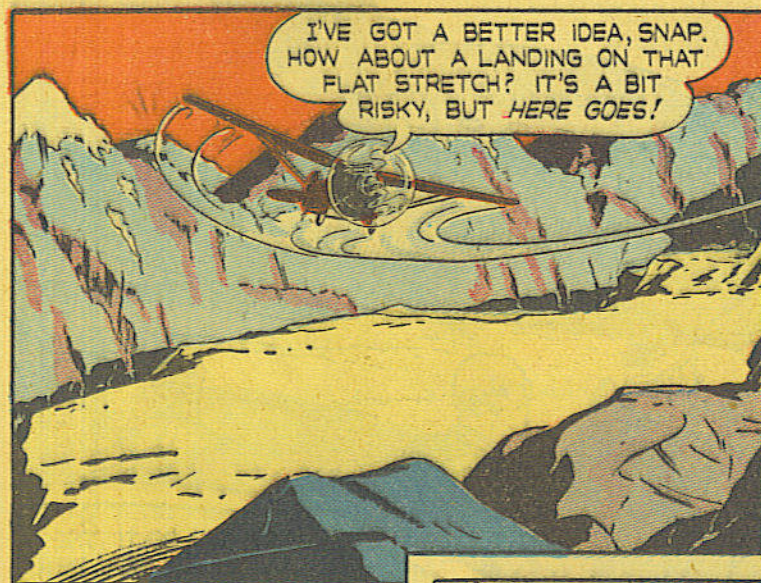
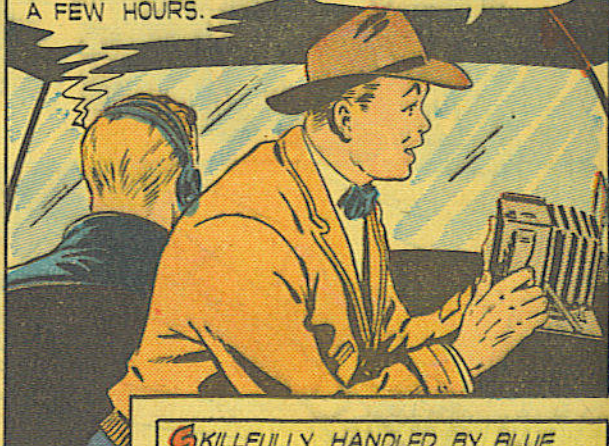
ACCORDING TO THE  
MAP, THAT'S THUNDER  
MOUNTAIN BELOW!

ATTENTION, AIRFIELD!  
BLUE BOLT CALLING: HAVE  
SIGHTED WRECKED AIR-  
LINER ON WEST SLOPE OF  
THUNDER MOUNTAIN.



GREAT WORK, BOLT!  
A RESCUE PARTY WILL  
REACH THE SCENE IN  
A FEW HOURS.

SWING DOWN CLOSER,  
BOLT, SO I CAN GET  
SOME GOOD PIX!



I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA, SNAP.  
HOW ABOUT A LANDING ON THAT  
FLAT STRETCH? IT'S A BIT  
RISKY, BUT *HERE GOES!*

*S*KILLFULLY HANDLED BY BLUE  
BOLT, THE "GLIMPSES" PLANE MAKES  
A SAFE LANDING IN THE SMALL  
TREACHEROUS SPACE!

GULP! WE  
MISSED THE  
CLIFF BY  
JUST A  
FEW FEET!

BUT LOOK! THE AIRLINER IS  
ONLY ABOUT A MILE OFF.  
LET'S HOOF IT OVER!



EASY DOES  
IT, SNAP!

(PUFF! PUFF!) WHAT  
A CAMERA MAN  
WON'T DO FOR A  
FEW SENSATIONAL  
PICTURES!

Later --

GREETINGS, FOLKS! A RESCUE  
PARTY WILL PICK YOU UP IN A  
FEW HOURS!

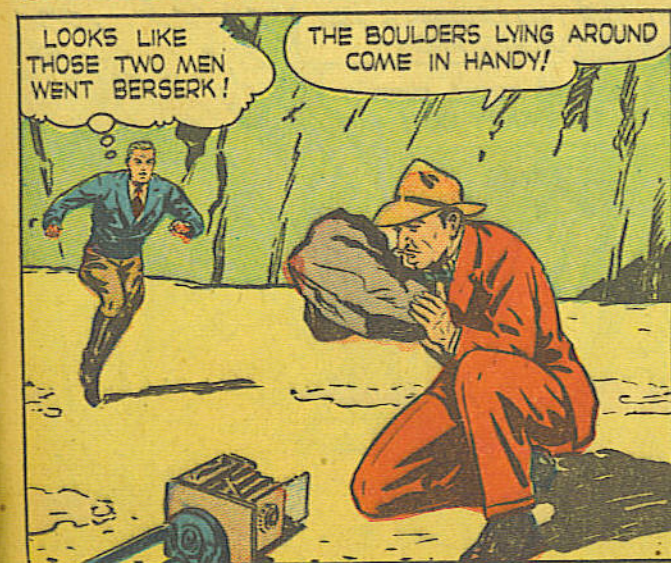
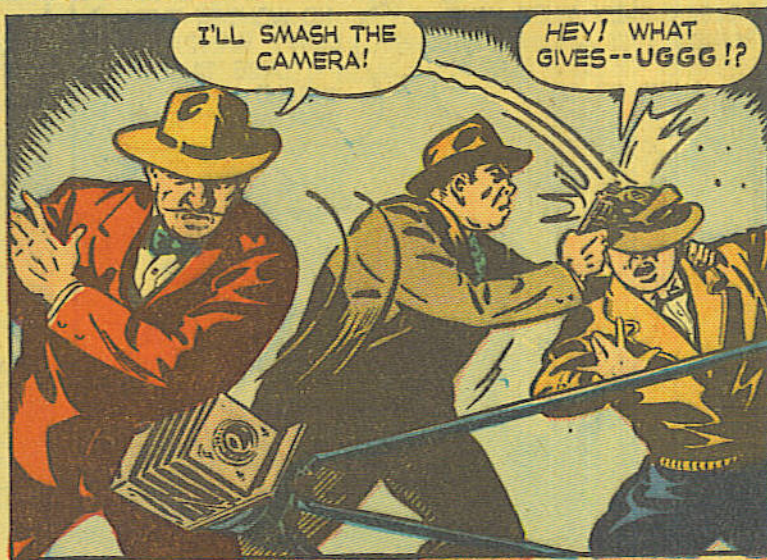
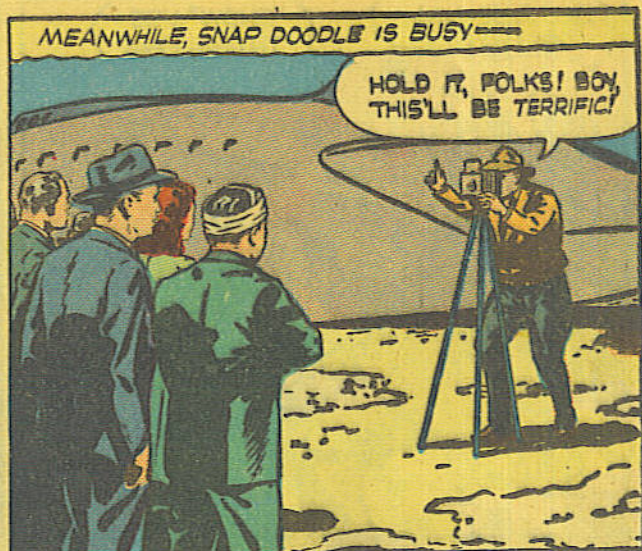
\*THANK  
HEAVENS!

YAYYY!

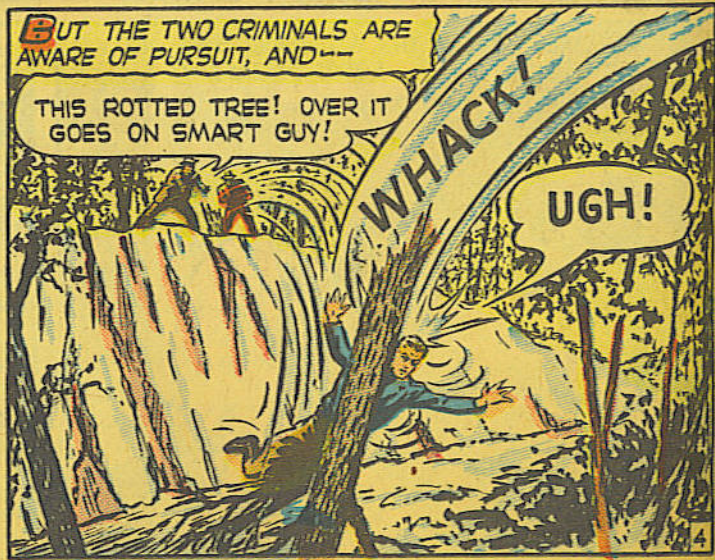
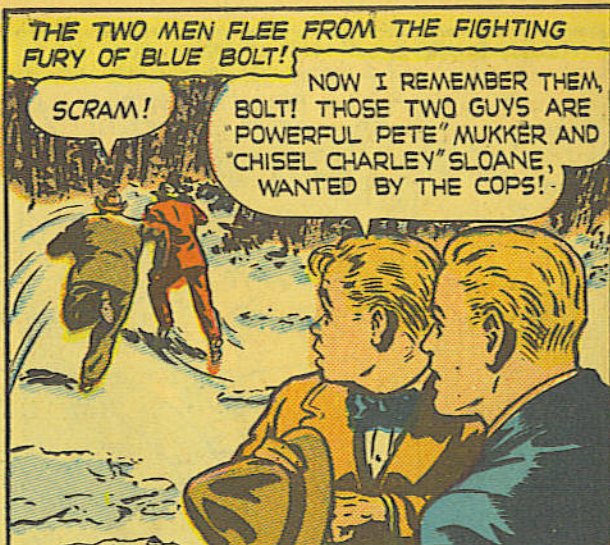
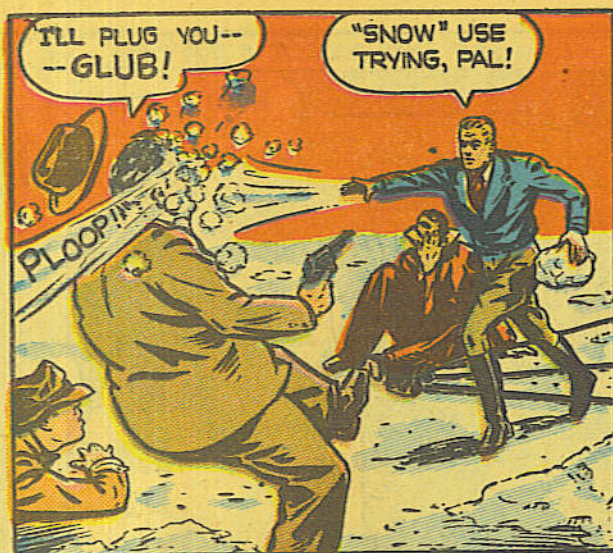
AT  
LAST!









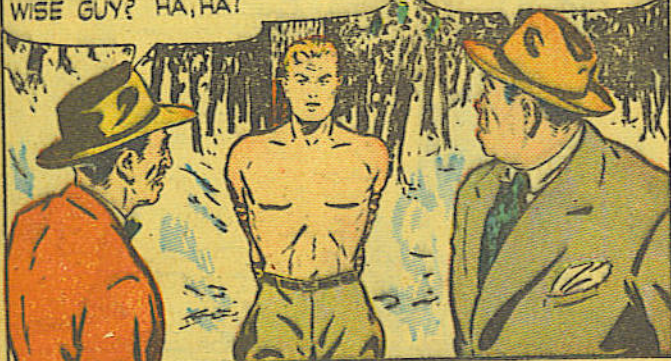




WHEN BLUE BOLT COMES TO

WE TIED YOU TO THE TREE WITH STRIPS OF YOUR OWN SHIRT. HOW DO YOU LIKE THE FRESH AIR ON YOUR BARE SKIN, WISE GUY? HA, HA!

WE'RE LEAVIN' YOU HERE TO FREEZE TO DEATH. SO LONG, SUCKER.



YOU DUMMY! SO WE KIDNAP THAT CAMERA GUY AND MAKE HIM FLY THE PLANE FOR US!

HEY! THAT'S GOOD! LET'S GO!



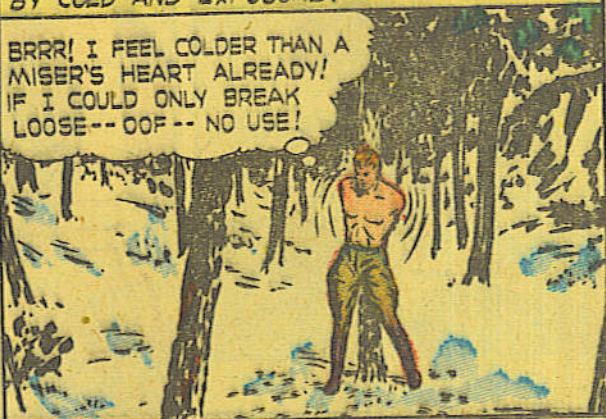
LET'S GO BACK TO THE WRECK AND ROB THE PASSENGERS! THEN TO MAKE OUR GETAWAY IN BLUE BOLT'S PLANE!

BUT WE CAN'T FLY NO PLANE!



MEANWHILE BLUE BOLT FACES SLOW DEATH BY COLD AND EXPOSURE!

BRRR! I FEEL COLDER THAN A MISER'S HEART ALREADY! IF I COULD ONLY BREAK LOOSE-- OOF -- NO USE!

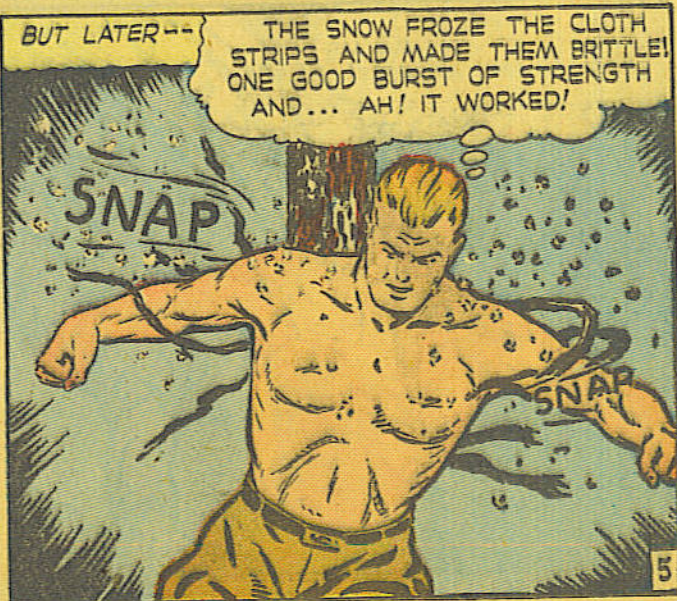


WAIT! IF I WIGGLE AND SHAKE THE TREE, ALL THIS SNOW COMES DOWN AND-- BRRR-R! GUESS ABOUT ALL I'M DOING IS FREEZING MYSELF FASTER!



BUT LATER--

THE SNOW FROZE THE CLOTH STRIPS AND MADE THEM BRITTLE! ONE GOOD BURST OF STRENGTH AND... AH! IT WORKED!

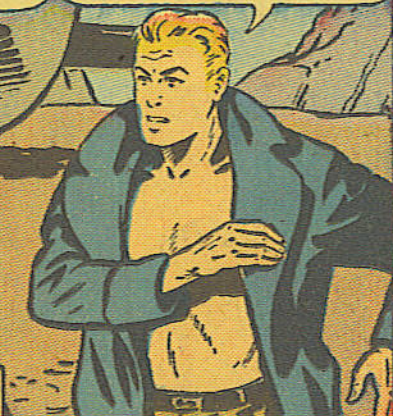




**BACK AT THE WRECK, BLUE BOLT LEARNS THAT--**

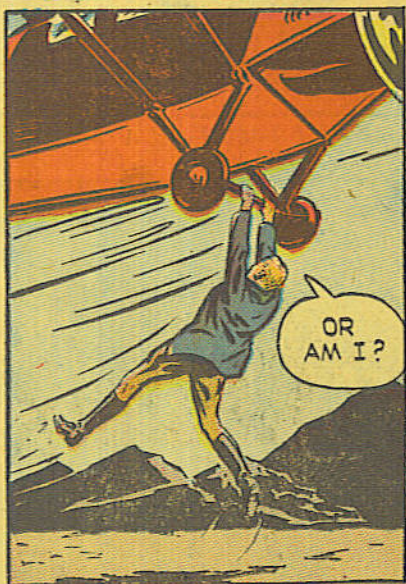
THE TWO CROOKS ROBBED US ALL, GRABBED SNAP DOODLE, AND HEADED FOR YOUR PARKED PLANE!

NO TIME TO WASTE THEN! THANKS FOR THE JACKET!



*Later --*

PUFF! HERE'S THE PLATEAU AND-- DOGGONE! THE PLANE'S TAKING OFF! I'M TOO LATE!

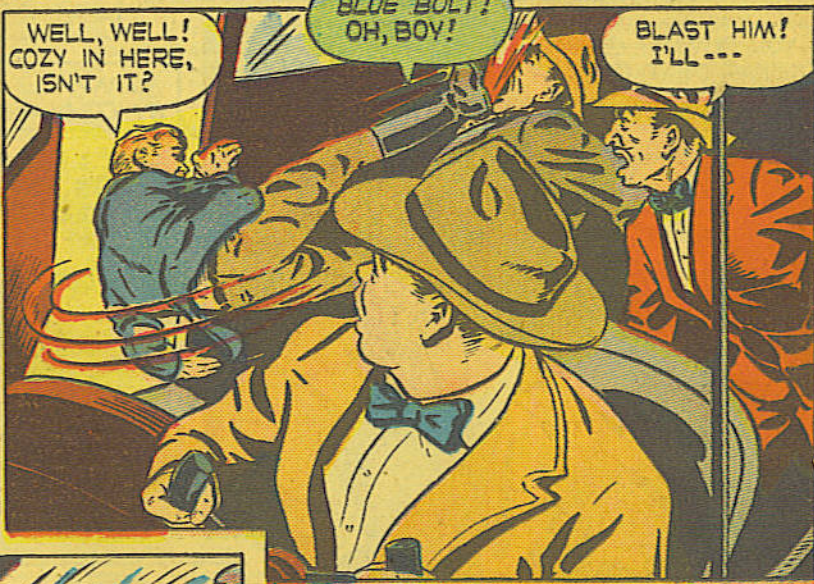


OR AM I?

WELL, WELL! COZY IN HERE, ISN'T IT?

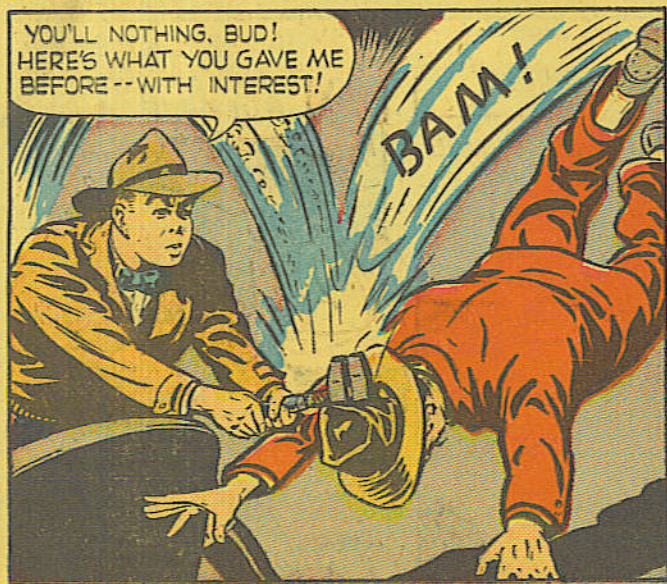
BLUE BOLT! OH, BOY!

BLAST HIM! I'LL---



YOU'LL NOTHING, BUD! HERE'S WHAT YOU GAVE ME BEFORE--WITH INTEREST!

**BAM!**



WHATTA DAY! WE DISCOVER A WRECKED AIRLINER AND GET TERRIFIC PIX, THEN CAPTURE TWO CROOKS! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THE WOODS?

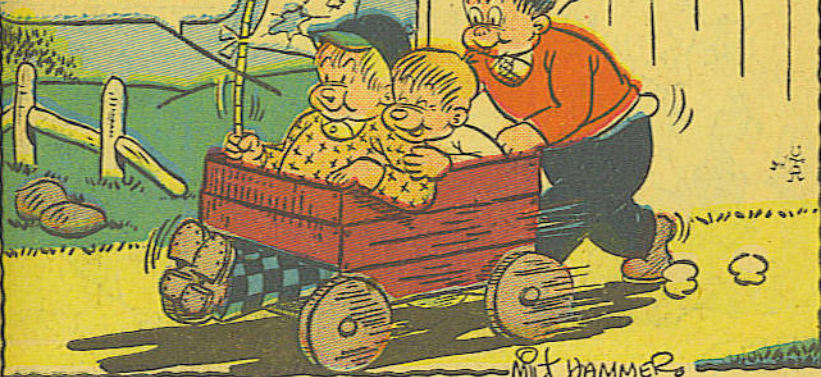
I'LL TELL YOU LATER, SNAP, WHEN I THAW OUT. JUST TURN UP THAT HEATER NOW, WILL YOU?





AND WHY DO PEOPLE  
WHO LIVE IN THE  
TROPICAL COUNTRIES  
ENJOY GOING  
TO JAIL???

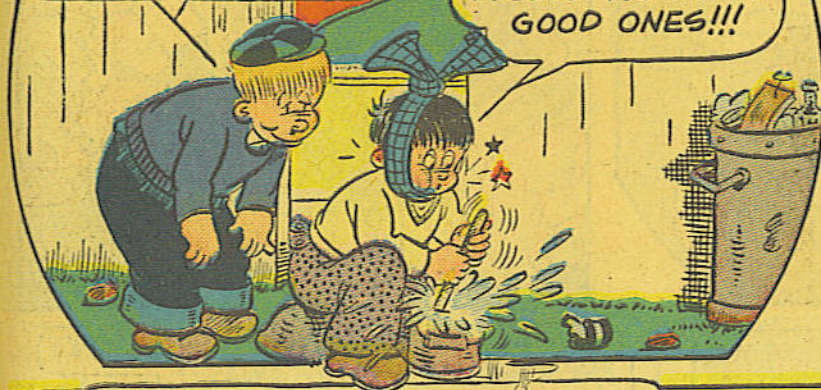
CAUSE THEY LIKE  
TO BE THROWN  
INTO THE  
COOLER!!!



MILT DAMMER

NOW HOW DID YOUR DENTIST  
LOSE A LOT OF BUSINESS  
JUST BECAUSE HE HAD A  
SENSE OF HUMOR???

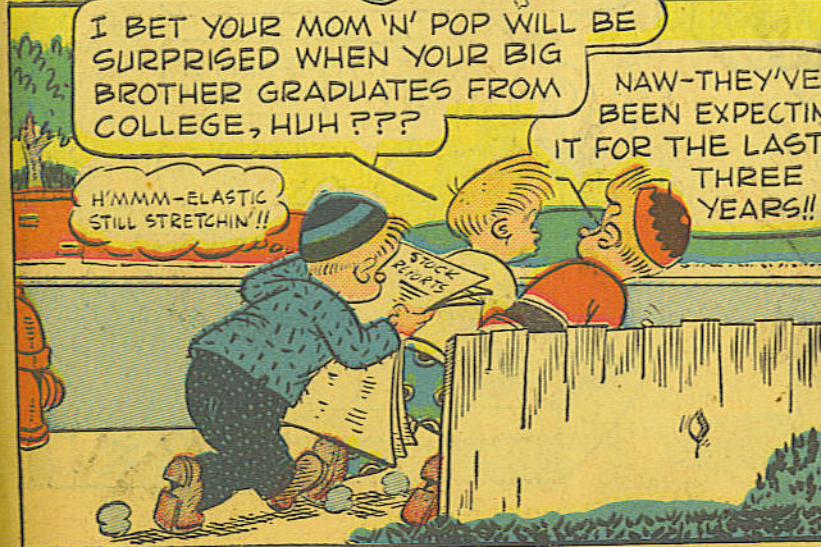
EASY - HE  
PULLED TOO MANY  
GOOD ONES!!!



I BET YOUR MOM 'N' POP WILL BE  
SURPRISED WHEN YOUR BIG  
BROTHER GRADUATES FROM  
COLLEGE, HUH???

NAW-THEY'VE  
BEEN EXPECTIN'  
IT FOR THE LAST  
THREE  
YEARS!!

H'MMM-ELASTIC  
STILL STRETCHIN'!!



**WORLD'S RAREST STAMP!** Everyone would like to own the world's rarest postage stamp, valued at \$50,000. Most albums have a place for this 1-penny red stamp of British Guiana of 1856. But, only one is known to exist! So that every collector may have a reproduction copy of the world's rarest stamp in their album, we have designed from the original plate an exact copy in color of this \$50,000 stamp beauty. We will send one, without charge, together with a collection of 100 different guaranteed genuine stamps of the world, for only 10¢ to approval applicants. Only 1 order per person. **V.M. PENN STAMP CO., P.O. Box 303, Philadelphia 5, Pa., Dept. 462.**

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No C.O.D. **EACH ONLY \$3.49**  
BB's, 3 pkts. 25ct. .177 pellets, 500 for \$1.50; steel darts, 100 package. (Order please.) **Modeler 505**  
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SURE I CAN -  
'CAUSE SHE'S A  
RULER!!!





# DINK

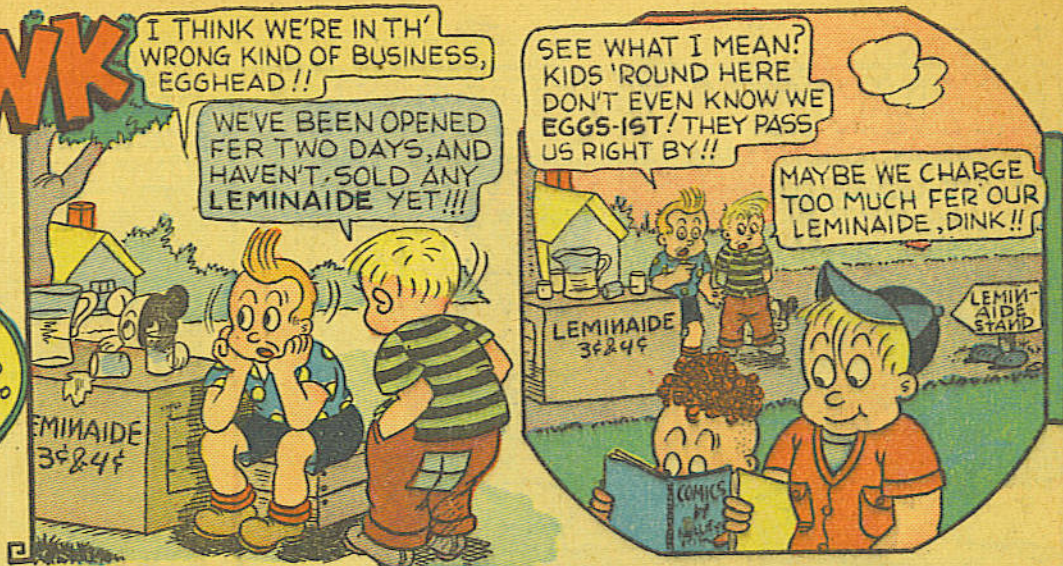
by  
MILT HAMMER

I THINK WE'RE IN TH' WRONG KIND OF BUSINESS, EGGHEAD!!

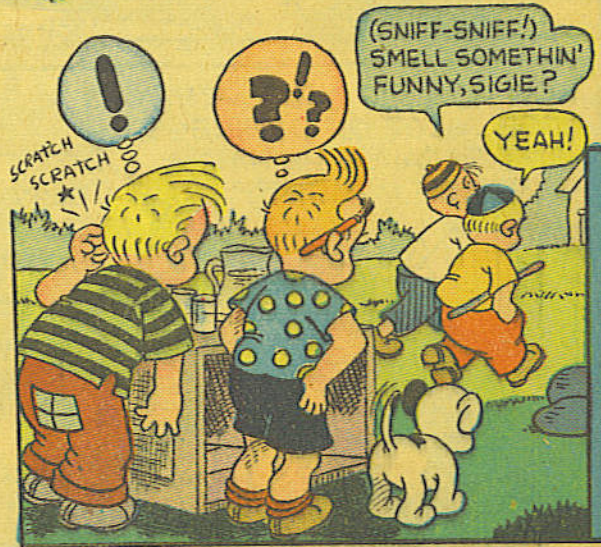
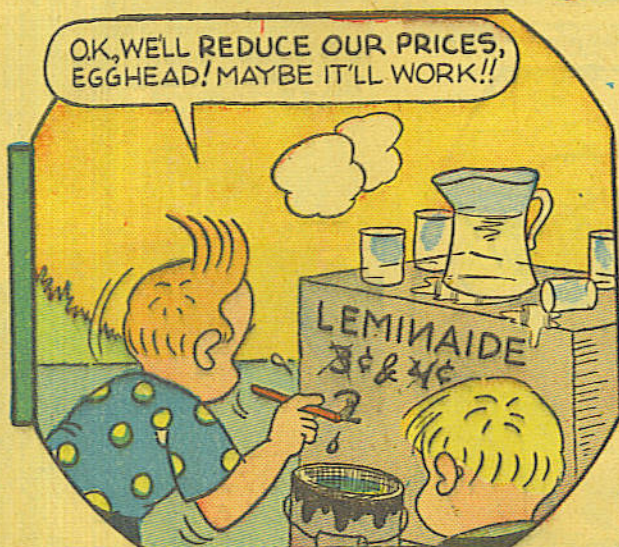
WE'VE BEEN OPENED FER TWO DAYS, AND HAVEN'T SOLD ANY LEMINAIDE YET!!!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? KIDS 'ROUND HERE DON'T EVEN KNOW WE EGGS-IST! THEY PASS US RIGHT BY!!

MAYBE WE CHARGE TOO MUCH FER OUR LEMINAIDE, DINK!!



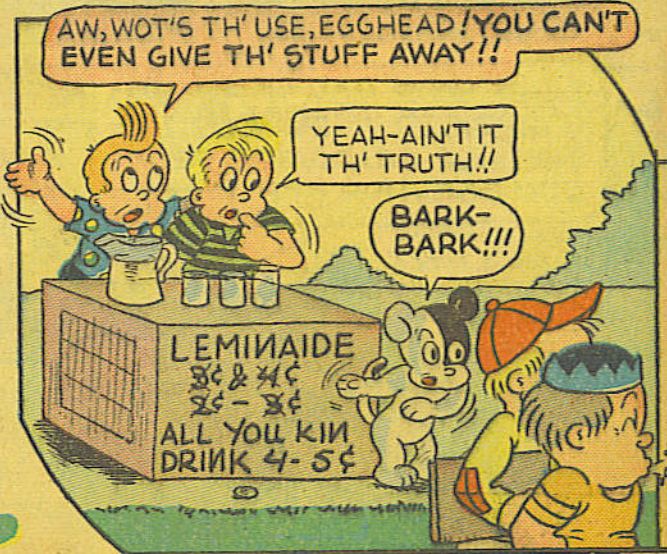
OK, WE'LL REDUCE OUR PRICES, EGGHEAD! MAYBE IT'LL WORK!!



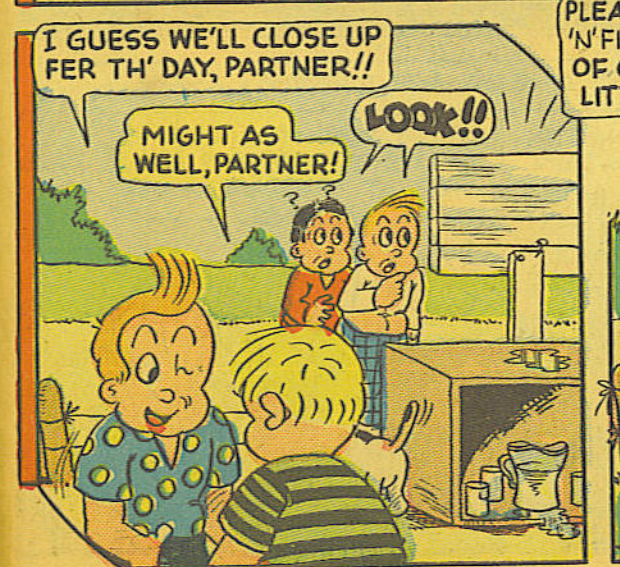
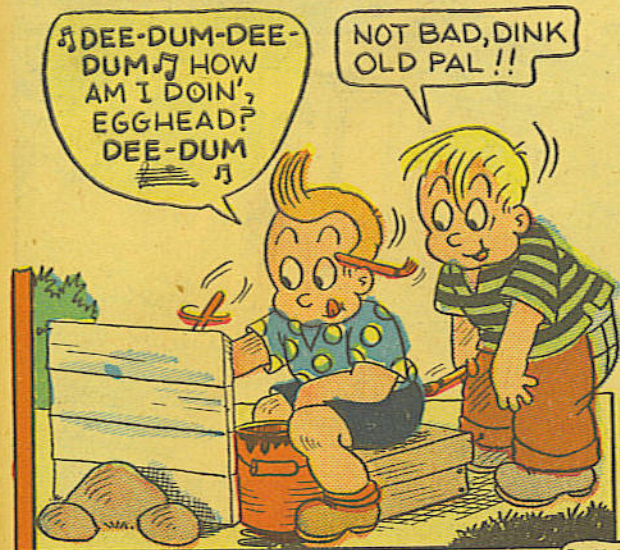
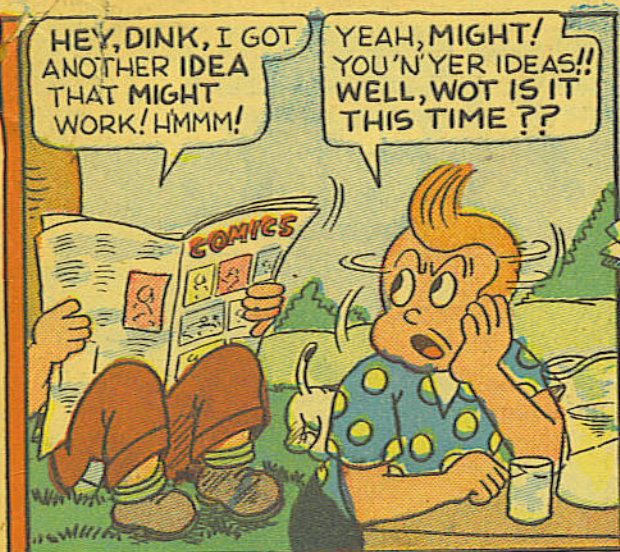
AW, THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER! NOW WOT KIN WE DO??

COULD BE WE AREN'T GIVIN' EM ENOUGH FER THEIR MONEY, DINK!!!

AW, WOT'S TH' USE, EGGHEAD! YOU CAN'T EVEN GIVE TH' STUFF AWAY!!



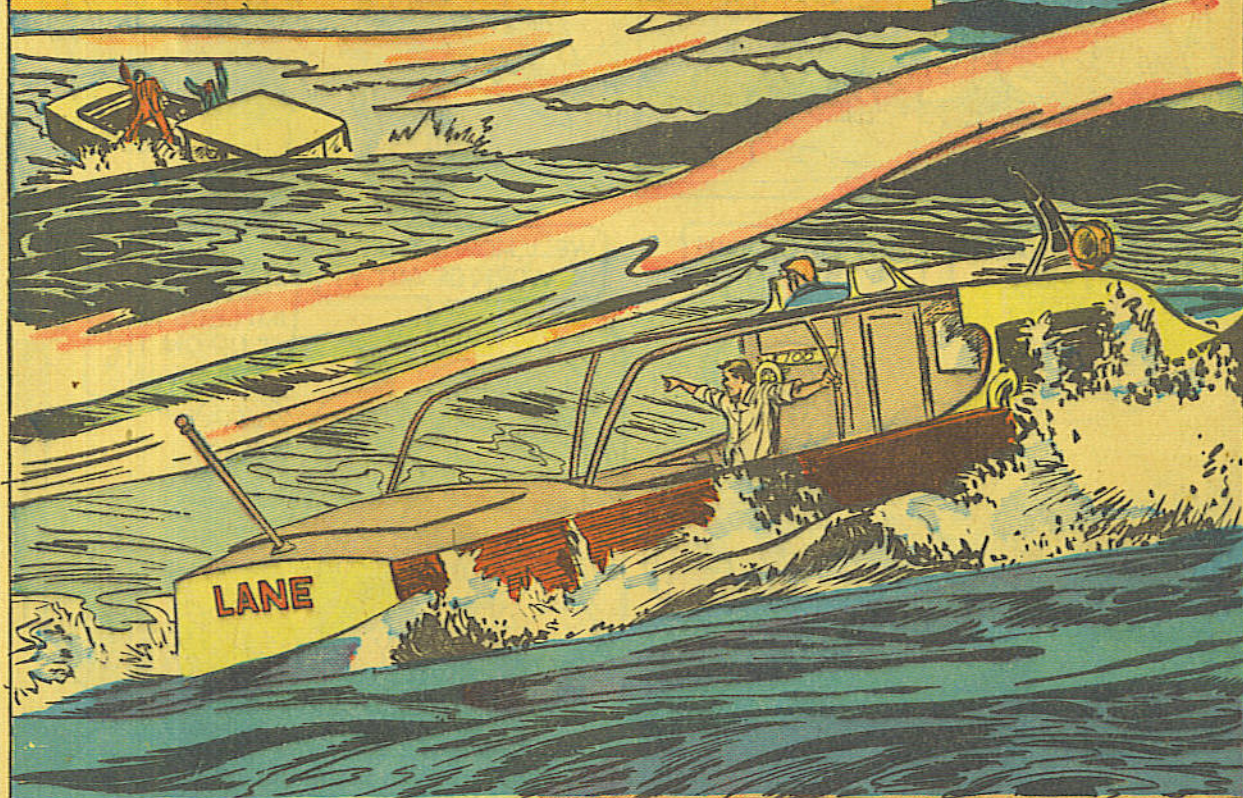






# Rick Richards

**RICK RICHARDS, THE HARD-HITTING MILLIONAIRE, BATTLES WITH AN EVEN HARDER-HITTING HURRICANE AND MAKES A SPECTACULAR RESCUE AT SEA.**



**IN A FLORIDA SHIPYARD, RICK TRIES TO CHEER UP LARRY LANE.**

I'M GLAD I STAKED YOU, LARRY. YOUR METAL AND PLASTIC YACHTS ARE BEAUTIES...TEN YEARS AHEAD OF THEIR TIME!

YEAH, AND IT'LL BE 10 YEARS BEFORE I SELL ONE, AT THE RATE I'M GOING.





I'M AFRAID MY BOAT IS TOO ADVANCED FOR THE PUBLIC TO TAKE.

NONSENSE! ALL IT NEEDS IS PUBLICITY!

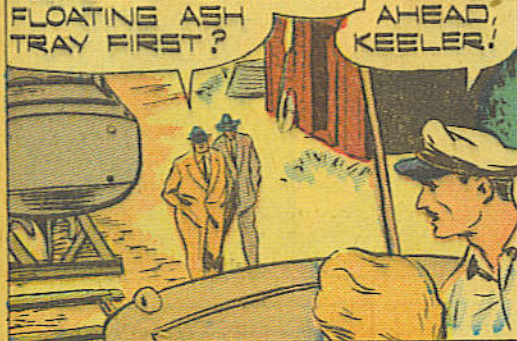
I'VE ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE PRESS, MOVIES, AND YACHTING MAGAZINES TO COME AND SEE THE LANE YACHT IN ACTION!



J. KEELER, OWNER OF A NEAR-BY YACHT-BUILDING CONCERN, APPROACHES WITH HIS AIDE, TARR.

LOTS OF NEWSMEN IN TOWN, LANE! MIND IF I INSPECT YOUR...UH... FLOATING ASH TRAY FIRST?

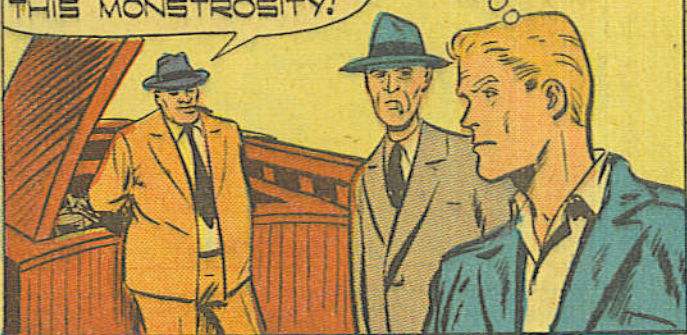
COME AHEAD, KEELER!



SOON...

WELL! NOTHING FOR ME TO WORRY ABOUT! THE PUBLIC WILL BUY THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED KEELER YACHT INSTEAD OF THIS MONSTROSITY!

HMM... KEELER'S FUSING WITH SOMETHING BEHIND HIS BACK!



SAND! TRYING TO FOUL UP THE ENGINE BEFORE OUR DEMONSTRATION, EH, KEELER?

UHP!



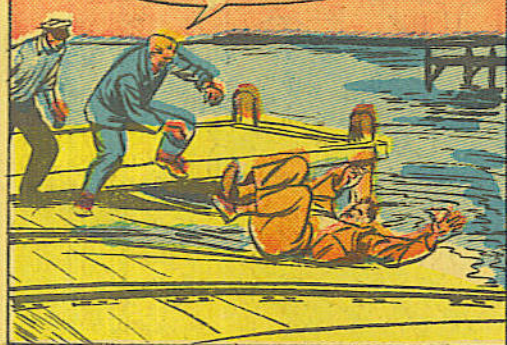
STOP PLAYING SANDMAN, CHUM, OR I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!



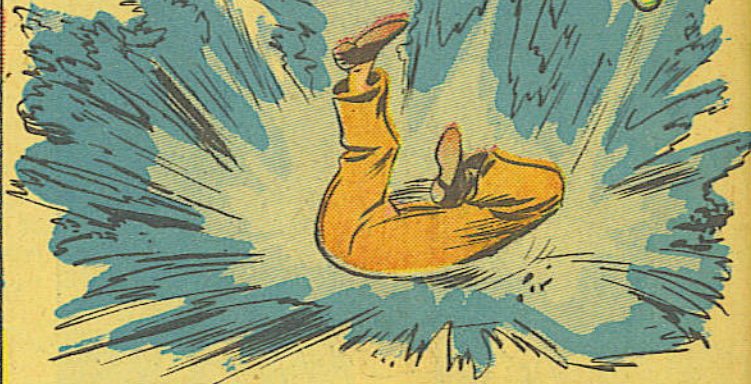


RICK HALLS KEELER OFF THE YACHT, AND...

SORRY THERE'S NO CHAMPAGNE TO CRACK OVER YOU, BUT WE'LL LAUNCH YOU, ANYWAY!

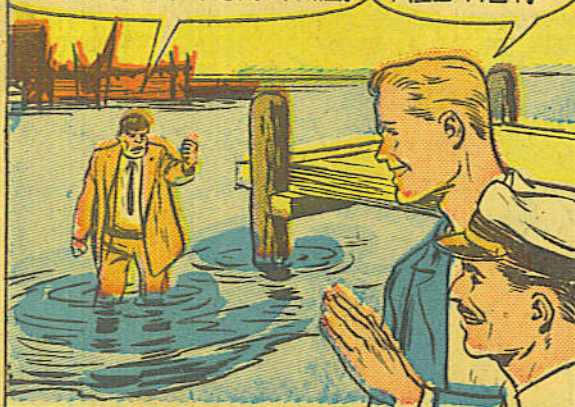


SPLASH!

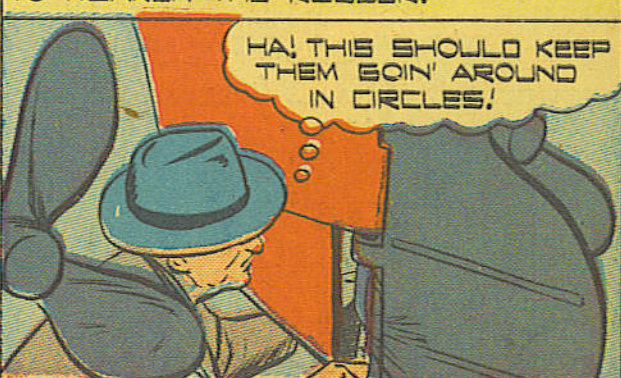


BLAST YOU! (SPURT!) YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

GO ON! YOU'RE ALL WET!



WHILE RICK AND LARRY ARE BUSY WITH KEELER, TARR HAS A CHANCE TO WEAKEN THE RUDDER!



LATER, THE LANE YACHT BETS OFF TO A GOOD START. THE WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE FAVORABLY IMPRESSED.

THE LANE YACHT SPEEDS PAST THE KEELER YACHT.

SMOOTH RIDE, LANE, AND PLENTY OF SPEED... BUT HOW IS SHE IN ROUGH WEATHER?

CONFOUND IT, TARR. THAT LANE BOAT HANDLES PERFECTLY! SOMETHING BETTER HAPPEN SOON!

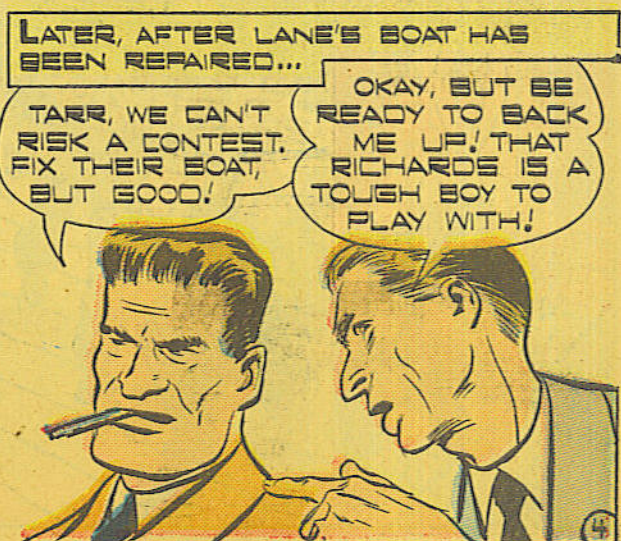
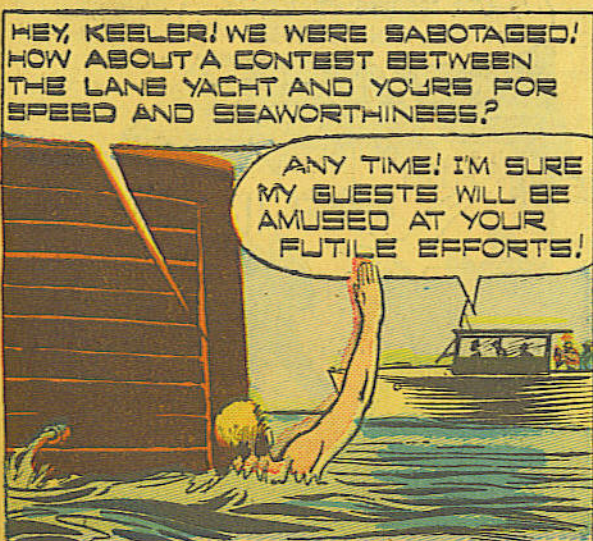
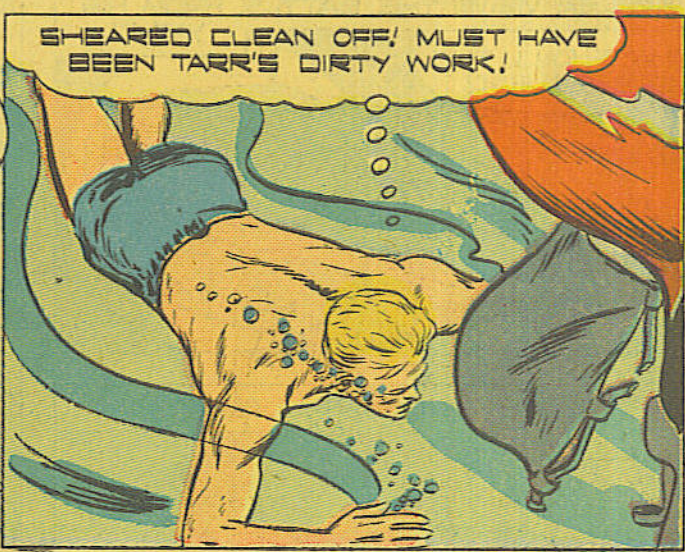
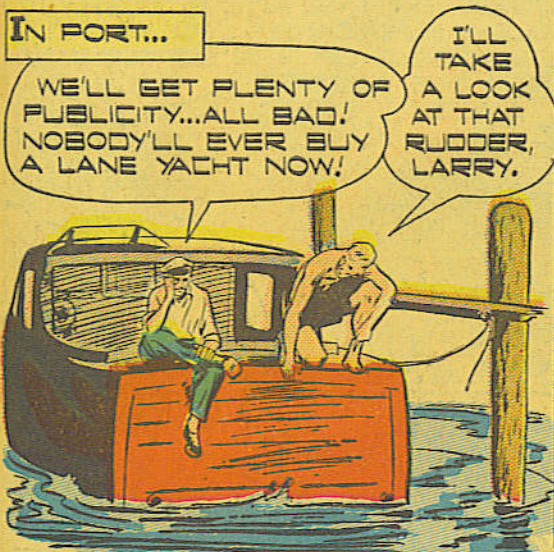
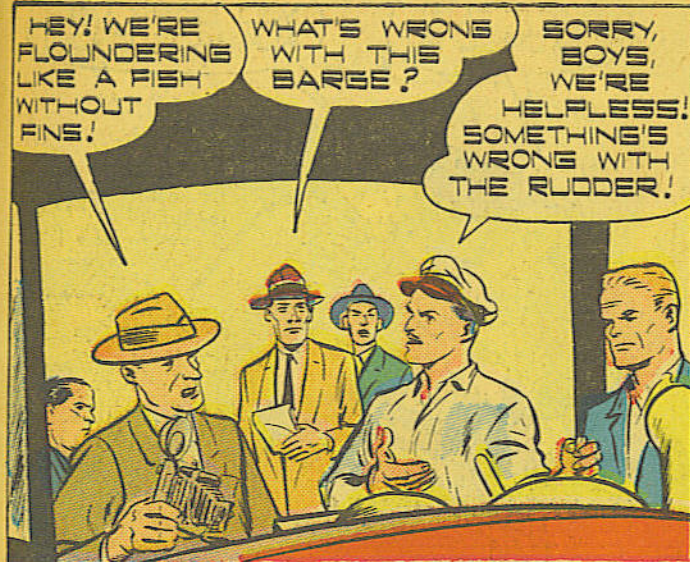


SUDDENLY, ON THE LANE BOAT...

GOSH, RICK, SHE WON'T STEER!





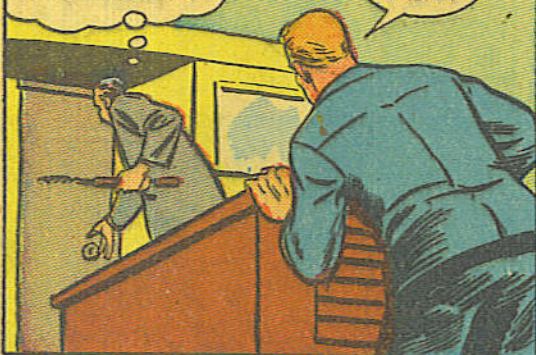




SOON, ON THE WAYS IN THE  
LANE BOATYARD...

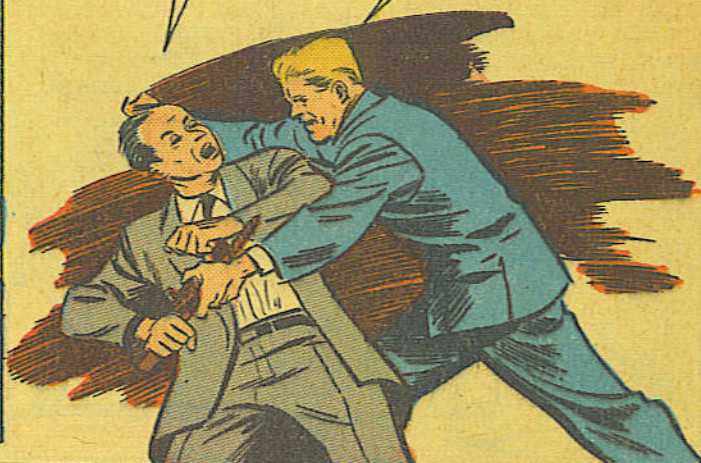
A FEW HOLES  
IN THE BOTTOM  
OUGHT TO DO  
THE TRICK.

HELLO,  
TARR! I  
EXPECTED  
YOUR  
VISIT!



CUT IT OUT!  
I'LL DRILL YA!

YOU BORE ME  
ALREADY, CHUM!



KEELER VIEWS THE BATTLE FROM HIS  
YACHT.

MATE! CALL THE  
CREW! QUICK!



KEELER'S CREW SWARMS OVER RICK  
AND LARRY.

PILE INTO  
'EM, MEN!



STORM WARNING! A  
VIOLENT HURRICANE  
IS SWEEPING UP  
FROM THE WEST  
INDIES!

SIT TIGHT,  
FOLKS! I'LL  
BE RIGHT  
BACK!



THAT DOES IT. LOCK  
'EM UP ON THE BOAT!





RICK AND LARRY ARE THROWN IN A STEEL ROOM ON THE YACHT.

YOU BUILD TOO WELL, LANE! AND I CAN'T LET A DANGEROUS ENEMY LIKE RICHARDS LIVE EITHER! YOU'LL BOTH DIE IN THIS STEEL TRAP!



HEAD THIS BOAT OUT TO SEA, TARR. THEN DIVE OFF AND SWIM TO SHORE!

I GET IT! LET THE HURRICANE DO THE DIRTY WORK!



SOON...

IT'S A PERFECT MURDER! THE STORM WILL SMASH THE BOAT TO BITS! NOW BACK TO OUR YACHT.



SOON, THE HURRICANE NEARS THE KEELER YACHT MOORED TO THE DOCK...

THE WIND'S GETTING MIGHTY STRONG, MR. KEELER. MAYBE WE BETTER GO ASHORE!

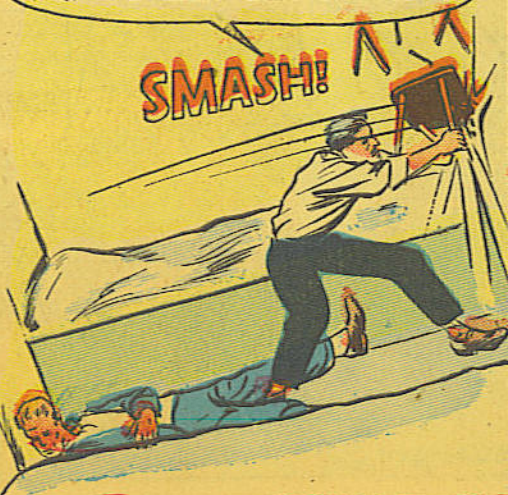
NO! STAY HERE, BOYS! YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE ON A KEELER YACHT.



AT SEA, A SHRIKING HURRICANE SEIZES THE LANE YACHT AND SPINS IT LIKE A CHIP.

I KNOW IT'S PRETTY HOPELESS, BUT I CAN AT LEAST TRY TO GET OUT OF HERE!

SMASH!



ATTABOY, LARRY! A SUDDEN SHARP NOISE ALWAYS STIMULATES MY ADRENAL GLANDS, GIVING ME ADDED POWER!

HUH?



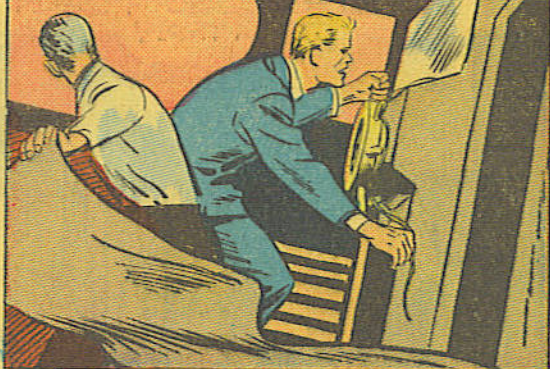


IT ALL STARTED WITH A WAR WOUND THAT AFFECTED THE GLANDS...BUT WE HAVEN'T TIME TO GO INTO THAT NOW!



I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH STRENGTH!

WE'LL NEED EVERY BIT OF IT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS!



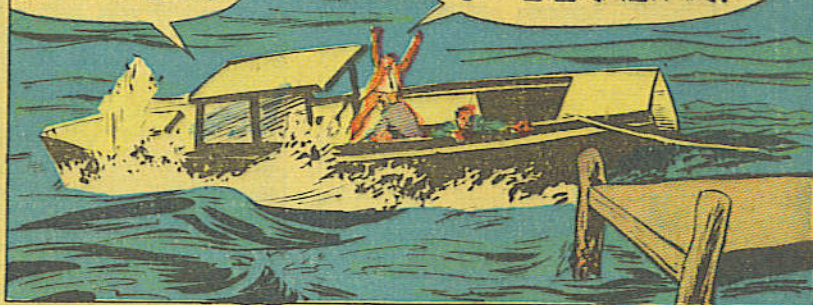
SHE HANDLES PERFECTLY, LARRY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE CAN RIDE OUT THE STORM!



MEANWHILE, THE HURRICANE SMASHES AT THE HARBOR, TEARING THE KIELER BOAT FROM ITS MOORING!

HELP! WE'RE BEING SWEEPED OUT TO SEA!

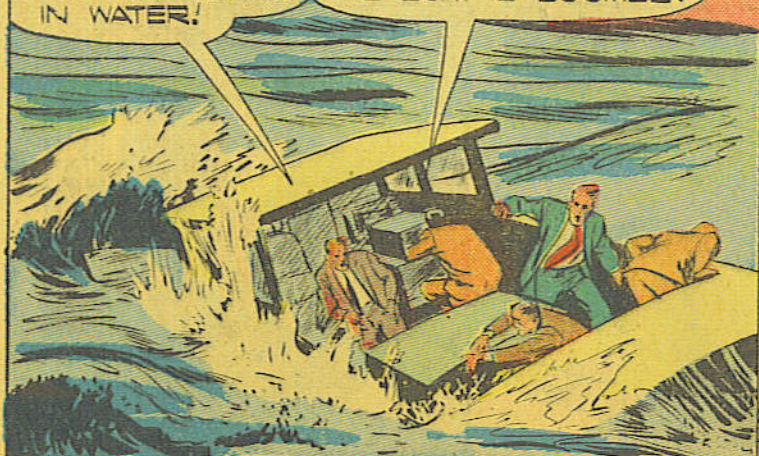
(GULP!) I'VE HATTI, MEN! A KIELER BOAT IS SAFE AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR!



BUFFETED BY THE SEA, THE KIELER BOAT BEGINS TO FOUNDER!

IT'S SURE LIKE A ROCK...IT SINKS IN WATER!

QUICK! SEND AN S.O.B. THE BOAT IS DOOMED!



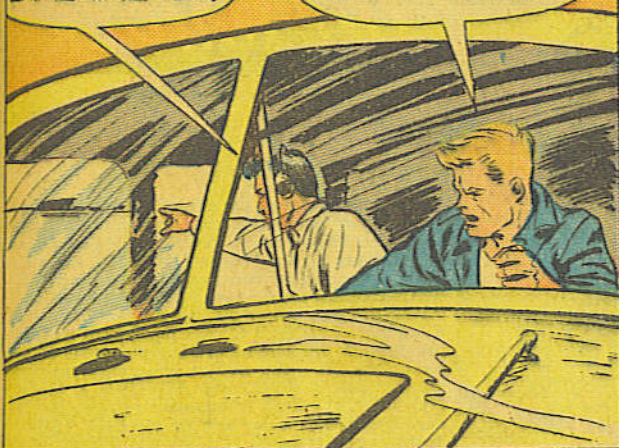
WICK! : JUST PICKED UP AN S.O.B. FROM KIELER! I'M CAN'T BE FAR OFF!





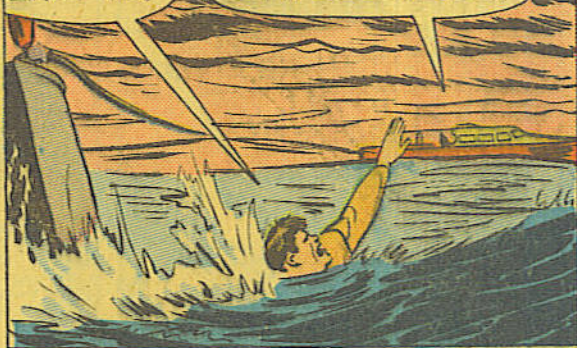
THESE ARE  
S. S. S. S.  
CRACKING UP!

SHOOT THEM A  
LINE, WE'VE GOT  
TO GET 'EM OFF!



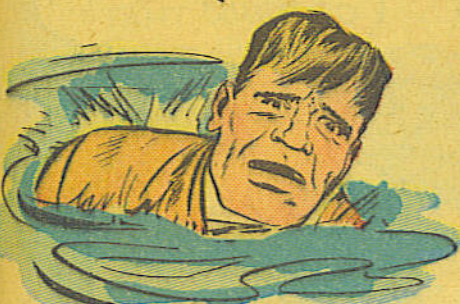
KEELER, ATTEMPTING TO REACH  
THE LINE FIRST, FALLS INTO THE  
SEA.

NOT TILL YOU TELL THE  
BOYS WHAT YOU'VE  
BEEN UP TO. BETTER  
SAVE ME, RICHARDS,  
CONFESS QUICK!



I'LL CONFESS! I  
WEAKENED THE  
FLOORS OF THE  
LANE YACHT, THEN  
TRIED TO KILL  
RICHARDS AND  
LANE!

OKAY,  
KEELER.  
WE'LL  
THROW  
YOU A  
LIFE-  
LINE.



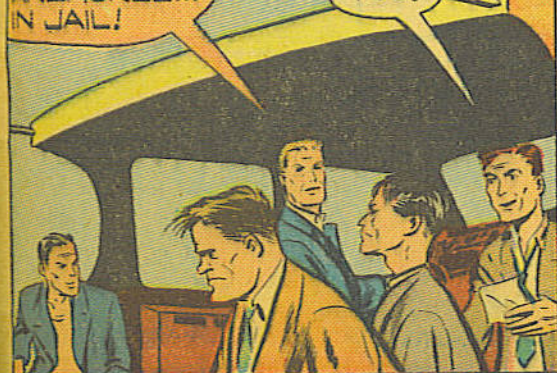
KEELER IS PULLED ABOARD AND THE  
OTHERS ARE SAFELY RESCUED.

GREAT WORK, RICHARDS!  
AND WHAT A STORY!



SOON AS WE  
REACH PORT,  
I'LL MAKE SURE  
THAT YOU TWO  
ARE SAFELY  
ANCHORED...  
IN JAIL!

THIS STORY'LL  
SELL A MILLION  
NEWSPAPERS...  
AND PLENTY OF  
LANE YACHTS  
TOO!



A WEEK LATER... THE HURRICANE  
SURE TOOK THE  
WIND OUT OF KEELER'S  
SAILS! IN FACT, WE  
WON IN A BREXING!

